

The SATURDAY EVENING POST

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WE MORTALS DREAM.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We mortals dream of Heaven,
That place of perfect rest,
We fondly hope to see
The regions of the blest.

We hope, 'mid all the ills,
The crosses and the care
That crowd this lower life,
A better life to share.

We dream of pearly gates
Open to welcome in
Our spirits, freed, redeemed
From earth, pollution, sin.

We dream of streets of gold,
Of mansions rich and fair,
Of robes more costly far
Than earthly monarchs wear.

We dream of cooling streams,
Of blossoms fading never;
We dream of Christ, of Heaven,
Of peace and joy forever.

We mortals dream! Ah, who
Shall find these visions real?
Who the true Heaven see?
Who only the ideal? GENEVA.

A FAMILY-FAILING.

EDITED BY ELIZABETH PENSCOTT,
AUTHOR OF "ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON,"
"BETWEEN TWO," &c.

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the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

XXIX.

NETTIE AND NELL.

Haven't I been put through my catechism,
at the Temple! All about Ruth? Is she
pretty? Is she stylish? How does she
dress her hair? Are her dresses very much
gorgeous? etc., and so on. Bob says he'll "bet
she's a beauty!" I'm so "sulky about answer-
ing"—and is going "to find out for him-
self about it." I used to think Robert Tem-
ple quite nice. I had no idea he would turn
out such a hateful beast.

Bob has been to see Ruth, and has found
out for himself, that she is a regular stun-
ner.

"Carriek's completely gone," he says.
"When did he go?" I asked, with an ap-
pearance of great surprise.

"But I mean to cut him out," Bob con-
tinued, taking no notice of me or my re-
mark.

"I should like to see you 'cut out' Lord
Carriek!" said I.

"You'll see it," said Bob. "She was
pretty sweet upon me."

"She's 'sweet' upon every man."

"There's nothing to cut out," interposed
Mattie. "Lord Carriek's engaged."

"And engaged to Ruth, herself," said I,
triumphantly.

"That can't be," said Bob; "for she said
to-day, she hadn't seen him before now, for
seven years."

"They may have corresponded," said I.
"All I know is what he told me himself."

"I guess that was to 'top you from
making up to him,'" retorted Bob, with a
grin.

"Robert Temple"—I began, and then
stopped. I was so angry I thought I should
suffocate.

Mattie began to laugh. Mrs. Temple
shook her head at her beautiful boy.

"You shouldn't make disagreeable re-
marks, Robert," said she.

"He shouldn't tell lies, you mean," said
I, for I knew her hateful ways, and felt
that she had insinuated that the remark was
disagreeable, because true.

"Lie, is a very unlady-like word, Miss
Eleanor."

"Then it suits the ungentlemanly sub-
ject."

"You had better keep silence, Robert,
when tempers are so uncertain," remarked
Mrs. Temple, with an angry wag of the
head.



LANDSCAPE IN TROPICAL AFRICA, WITH SPECIMENS OF THE WONDERFUL TABLE TREE.

About 1,000 miles north from the Cape of
Good Hope, on the western side of Africa,
there is an extensive district of sterile coun-
try extending northwards to the Portuguese
settlement to Benguela. This region is al-
most, if not altogether, rainless. Heavy dews
fall at night, and supply the little moisture
required by the scanty vegetation, which
consists of a few plants, specially fitted by
their organization to endure the continuous
rays of a tropical sun poured down from a
cloudless sky. The exposure of one of our
plants to such a sun for even a few minutes
would evaporate every particle of moisture
it contained, and wither it up into a dead,
dry, friable skeleton. But these strange
plants, from the great thickness of the skin
which covers their leaves, and the structure
of the stomates, are able to resist the action
of the most powerful rays of the sun, and to
retain the little moisture they require for
the necessities of their life.

Among the few plants scattered over these
arid sandy plains is one which its describer
has properly called *mirabilis*, as it is one of
the most wonderful plants anywhere to be
found on the surface of the earth. It was
discovered in the year 1860 by the eminent
scientific traveller, Dr. Welwitschia, whose
name has been associated with it by Dr.
Hooker in commemoration of his successful
botanical explorations in Central Africa.

The Welwitschia *Mirabilis* is a tree which
lives for many years, some specimens being
estimated by their discoverer as at least a
hundred years old, and which every year of
its life increases in size, yet never grows

higher. Rising just above the ground, this
strange plant, looking like a rough roundish
table, regularly enlarges by adding concentric
layers to its circumference. The flat upper
surface of the trunk is very hard and
dark, resembling in color and texture the
crust of an over-baked loaf. In shape it is
a somewhat compressed disc, with a more
or less deep groove running through the
centre of its longest diameter, and dividing
it into two lobes. It is marked with a num-
ber of concentric ridges studded with cir-
cular pits which have been produced by the
fallen fruit-stalks. Each new ridge or con-
centric layer supports a large number of
fruits, in the form of beautifully regular and
bright scarlet cones, somewhat resembling
the fruits of the Welwitschia, though so dif-
ferent in aspect, has a very close affinity.

Sometimes, in old plants, the margins of the
lobes are very much split. The trunk at-
tains a size of from fourteen to eighteen feet
in circumference, but is never more than a
few inches above the ground. It gradually
tapers downwards, forming a large tap-
root, which penetrates several feet into the
ground.

When the young plant springs from the
seed it sends up two small green leaves cor-
responding to the first seed-leaves of the oak
or beech. But in our trees, and in all other
plants, these first leaves, having performed
their part in the growth of the plant, decay
and disappear, and are succeeded by nume-
rous others of shapes peculiar to the different
plants to which they belong. The Welwits-

chia is a singular and remarkable exception
to this otherwise universal rule. It never
loses its two first leaves, and it never gets
any more. Imagine a frog always remain-
ing in its tadpole state, with external gills,
a long swimming tail, and no legs, yet grow-
ing to the size of a large frog. Such a
creature would be in the animal kingdom as
great an anomaly as the Welwitschia is in
the vegetable kingdom. The plant is really
an infant tree, attaining the age of a hun-
dred years, yet never getting rid of its early
imperfect condition. The leaves rise from
two deep grooves in the outer margin of the
trunk, one springing from each lobe. They
increase in size year after year with the
growth of the plant until, in the larger speci-
mens, they attain a length of six feet or
even more. They are quite flat, long, very
leathery, and frequently split into numerous
straps, that lie curling upon the surface of
the barren soil.

A less inviting landscape can scarcely be
imagined than the sandy desert sparsely
covered with short dry grass and scattered
specimens of this extraordinary plant, look-
ing more like the remains of some ancient
forest which had been cleared by the axe of
the settler, than a collection of complete
and living plants. For a time, when they
are in perfection, the short branches of
bright scarlet cones which cover the crown
of the stem relieve the dismal monotony.

With all its strange peculiarities—and, in-
deed, chiefly because of them—the Wel-
witschia is singularly adapted to the phys-
ical conditions under which it lives.

That is fortunate," I said with sarcastic
intention.

"I like to hear you talk," he went on.
"You have not had many chances to listen
to me."

"Not as many as I would wish." Why do
you make such a nun of yourself?"

"Because you are a monk—er."

"That's silly. You can talk sense, can't
you?"

"When I'm not delirious."

"I detest puns."

"I like to punish you."

"Go on, fair inquisitor. Many before
me have been tortured by the 'Maiden.'"

"Annette, this is getting stupid. Let's
go into the house."

"You had better stay here with me. Ruth
won't like it."

"Do you come out here to tease Ruth?"

"Certainly. Do you suppose I would bore
myself without a purpose?"

"Annette, let's leave this borer to his old
trees."

"No, if you are going in I will go, too.
Ruth won't like that."

"Annette, are you coming?"

"Yes, Eleanor, if you'll wait 'til I fasten
my thread."

"I am going this instant."

"I pray go. Netie and I will follow. A
pretty brace of names, Netie and Nell!"

"I am Miss Russell."

"I beg your pardon, Ruth is Miss Russell."

"He stayed to luncheon. I knew he would,
because—"

"Ruth would not like that," and
I am happy to say that I was as disagreeable
as I possibly could be. But he did not seem
to care, amusing himself with Annette, very
much as if she had been a kitten. Of course
he didn't care. All he wanted was to tease
Ruth, who, knowing him to have been here,
would naturally imagine me to be the attrac-
tion, for—yes—I do know more than An-
nette, and—I am—better looking.

I told Annette that his lordship had been
making catpaws of us. "Catpaws!" she
repeated, opening her eyes very wide. "He
did squeeze my hand once—a very little."

"He did, did he? The pig!"

"I—didn't mind it. His fingers are as
soft as velvet."

"Don't be an idiot, Annette."

"Idiot, yourself!" said Annette, as chil-
dren retort.

This was this morning.

"I shan't go out to the Refuge if that's
the way you talk to me," Annette continued.
"Oh! no! stay here—and perhaps Lord
Carriek will come and squeeze your hand
again."

Annette began to cry. I snatched up a
book, and rushed to the Refuge to get out
of the hearing of her sobs. Some one was
there before me. Lord Carriek himself!

"Good-morning," he said quietly.

I appeared neither to see nor hear him.
Taking possession of my favorite seat, I
opened my book and pretended to be ab-
sorbed by its contents. "As I am alone I
may as well indulge in a cigar," he said as
if talking to himself—took one from the
breast-pocket of his coat, lighted it, and
throwing himself down along the ground,
contrived to imprison a portion of my skirt
beneath his elbow, so that I could not stir
if I had wished to. Fortunately I am very
fond of the odor of a good cigar, so the only
thing that disturbed me was the possibility
of some one happening upon us while occu-
pying these relative positions. But so one
came, and I read—or seemed to read—till
his lordship finished his cigar, and then ap-
peared to meditate. Was he meditating? I
bent a little forward, and peeped over the
top of my book at his face. Just then he
turned it suddenly, and his eyes met mine.

"Boppe!" said he.

I couldn't help laughing, it was so absurd.
He changed his position so as to face me.
Very awkward for me.

"We must make a pretty picture," said
he. "I wish some one could see us."

"Ruth?"

"Yes; Ruth."

"How long are you going to stay here?"

"Until I am tired of your society."

"You have no business here."

"As much as you have. Neither of us
own any part of the place. You are staying
here. I have been staying here. Equal
rights, you see."

"I wish to go in."

"Go!"

"But your elbow is on my skirt."

"I don't wish to soil my coat."

"Will you take it off?"

"And appear before a lady in my shirt-
sleeves?"

I laughed again, and yet I was very an-
gry. Then the tears came into my eyes.
I tried to keep them back, but one shot
through my eye-lashes, and fell plump upon
his face. He started. I was enraged at
myself, now, but I could not help it. I put
both hands before my face, and sobbed like
a baby.

I was conscious that he had risen and
was sitting beside me—that he had even
touched my hands as if to soothe me. I un-
covered my face, and finding his hand near
mine as I did so, struck it with all my force,
as I would have struck a knife into him had
I had one in my hand. I was mad with
rage. He caught my hands in both his.

"What a temper!" he said. I darted my
head towards his detaining hands, and bit
one of them as hard as I could. He did not
speak—he did not even loosen his grasp,
and yet I had broken the skin. He looked
at me as I raised my head. "Anger makes
you ugly," he said. I panted, unable to
speak. "Don't you feel ashamed of your-
self?" he asked. "Do you see what you
have done, had child. You have bitten the
hand that Ruth kissed." He looked into my
eyes as he spoke, and, bending forward, "I
forgive you, for I love you," he said.

A sense of mad triumph took possession of
me. I saw it all. I had won what Ruth
had striven for in vain. Her conqueror was
at my feet; her treasure waiting my acceptance.
He released my hands. I let them
fall on my lap. I was still bewildered; but
my senses were so sharpened that his light
breathing sounded to me like the panting of
a runner in a race. I raised my eyes at last,
and he was looking at me—a smile upon his
lips. He looked up, quickly, above my
head. I followed the direction of his eyes,
and there was Ruth, looking at us through
the clustering vines, held back by one large
white arm, and dimpled, tapering hand, her
eyes as yellow as a tiger's, looking through
the tangles of a jungle.

"Here is your cousin, Ruth," said his
lordship, quietly.

His calmness infected me, and then my
triumph made me feel secure.

"Won't you come in and take a seat?" I
inquired, graciously, wondering how much
she had heard—how much she knew.

"Take my place," said his lordship, ris-
ing, "and let me sit at your feet."

She looked from him to me, question-
ingly. The coolness of both seemed to quiet
her suspicions. "I hope I haven't interrupted
a tête-à-tête," she said.

"I will forgive you," said Lord Carriek.
Then she saw the marks upon his hand,
and asked, quickly, "What is that?"

"Only the bite of a snake that I was
charming."

She glanced from him to me. "I don't
understand."

"Don't you," he said; "now, shall I con-
tinue my reading?"

"Have you been reading something very
pathetic?" she asked, glancing at the book
as he took it up.

He held the volume towards her, opened
at "Coriolanus."

"Oh! that is the reason she was cry-
ing!"

"I don't understand how any one can cry
over a book," said his lordship. "Let us cry
if this will make you weep."

While he was reading, Ruth sat with her

eyes bent upon the ground. How they glittered, and how flushed her cheeks were.

XXX.

(Narrative, supplied by the Editor.)

"THE SUELL NEVER MARRY HER."

Notwithstanding Lord Carrick's apparent calmness, he was really very anxious to discover how much of the little scene in the "Refuge" Ruth had witnessed, and during his walk home with her, he was continually asking himself, "How long had she been there when I looked up?"

Ruth did not say much, but when she did speak it was in her usual sweet tone, and with her old winning way; but there was a certain vibration in her voice that might have warned him, as the trembling of Venusian does the dwellers at its foot; and the hand that rested on his arm curved itself with a rigidity that was not natural to those pliant fingers—that round and flexible wrist. It was a bright, glowing sunset, and the air palpitated with the August heat, but Ruth complained of being chilled, and shivered on his arm, and yet her color was more brilliant than usual. Lord Carrick told her so, looking down at her admiringly, as he spoke. She had a black lace veil thrown, Spanish-fashion, over her bright dishevelled hair, and under its soft shadow her eyes blazed and her cheeks bloomed with wonderful effect.

"And you are beautiful to-night," he softly said.

She turned to him with a gesture that made him start. "If I am beautiful, why do you not love me?" she said.

"That is no question for a woman to ask of a man."

"Not ordinarily. But the relation in which we stand to each other is no common one. You have known that I loved you, and knowing it, you have given me every proof of affection, but—ask me to be your wife." Then she blushed deeply, intensely, for unawares as her advances were, she was still woman enough to blush at what she did not scruple to utter.

"My dear Ruth, how can a man help loving a woman who is constantly adoring him, and never makes objections to his doing so?"

"How could I make objections when I love you?"

"Your reasons are nothing to me. I always take the good things offered me and ask no questions."

"I always knew you to be selfish," said Ruth, in a low voice, as if speaking to herself, "but I thought I could make you love me."

"I do love you. I love all beautiful women, but—I do not wish to marry you."

"You do not wish to marry at all?"

"I did not say that."

"Listen; if you wish to marry at all, why do you not marry me? You say I am beautiful. I know I have no ordinary mind. I am yet young. I shine in society. I should be an ornament to your title."

"Ruth, you are very charming to make love to—but I should not like you as a wife."

"Why?"

"You have too much of the tigress in you."

"No more than Eleanor Russell."

"Far-haps not."

I witnessed the whole of that little scene. I thought then it was only your habit, but now I know you were in earnest. But—you shall never marry her."

"Do you intend to poison her?"

"No—but I wish I could—safely. If I hear you are going to marry her, I shall tell her this."

She raised her lips to his ear and whispered in it. He did not start, nor frown in his usual free and graceful step. He was always, also, in the soft moonlight could be seen no change in his complexion, but he was silent for a full minute's space, and then he ejaculated—"Nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense. You were seen, you were recognized."

"Permit me to suggest that, the next time you arrange such a little plot, you provide yourself with proof. And know that a woman who threatens never advances her cause with any man. But, Ruth, since all this was said for the love of me (they were at the gate now) I forgive you, and good-night, my darling."

She let him take her in his arms and kiss her on the brow and lips, and when he released her, she clung to him and sobbed upon his shoulder. Then flinging herself from him, she bounded up the gravelled walk, and when he opened the hall-door had disappeared.

(Eleanor's Diary.)

Lord Carrick has not been here to-day. How strange, after what passed yesterday! It can't be that he thought he had won me in that easy way, or that Ruth—I wonder how much she saw—I believe her capable of anything, even of—murder. Oh! if I could hunt her to the end of the world, and tear her heart out when I had found her.

Mattie saw him this morning. He was out riding with Ruth, and she says Ruth looks like a queen on horseback. I wonder if she looked like Queen Bess, stiff old thing!

He has not been here to-day. What could he have meant by telling me he loved me—and, no more? To be sure, we were interrupted, and I had said nothing, but I did not look displeased, and they say that "silence gives consent." Could he have thought me too tightly won? I don't think he could tell if I were won or not. But why should he say that—and no more? Why did he come here at all? I never sought him. Was it to tease Ruth?—and did he know that Ruth was watching him all the while? I wish I knew. Could he have arranged it all to punish me for my treatment of him? I asked Mattie how he seemed. Very gay. Was he as devoted to Ruth as ever? This question made Mattie cross, so I am sure he was. She wouldn't say so, however. Did he inquire for me? No, Mattie said, and looked so surprised that I changed the conversation.

Another day has passed without seeing him. I went out to the "Refuge," thinking he might be there, but he wasn't. Then I looked for a note. I thought there might be one hidden in the hollow of a tree, or under a stone, as I have read of people doing, but none was there. I don't feel sorry, but very, very angry. I know he means to insult me, but I shan't let him know that I take the insult.

Annette and I were out driving to-day in the pony carriage, and we met him and Ruth driving also. I bowed to both as naturally as I could, and with a smile for Ruth. She looked surprised. I saw it, although she did not raise her eyebrows, or round her

eyes. I did not see how he looked—I merely glanced at him.

He called to-day—with Ruth. Ruth had arranged a picnic party. Would I go? No. My reply rhymed, but it gave no reason, neither would I. She must content herself with my simple negative. His lordship expressed his regret very politely, and was so much at his ease that I felt provoked.

"When are you coming to the 'Refuge' again?" I asked him.

"When it suits me," said he.

"You had better come when it suits me."

"When will that be?"

"Never."

How Mrs. Temple opened her eyes!

"We are affectionate cousins—that are to be, are we not, Mrs. Temple?" I said.

"But relations never agree, you know."

His lordship smiled, and smoothed down his moustache.

"Am I to congratulate you, my lord?" said Mrs. Temple.

"I think I am to be congratulated."

"When is it to be?"

"In a very short time."

"And the lady?"

"Is present."

"My dear Miss Russell!" said Mrs. Temple.

I never saw any one blush as Ruth did—up to her temples and down to her very fingers' ends—then she grew as pale as she had been red, and looked towards Lord Carrick.

He answered her look by a smile. The color rushed into her face again, and she frowned away. Such a shower of exclamations as there was! Mrs. Temple was loud in her expression of wonder.

"Persons who have affections of the heart are liable to such attacks," was his lordship's explanation.

She came to her senses almost immediately upon application of the proper remedies, and was sent home in the Temple's carriage. As the carriage disappeared, I rushed to the "Refuge" to think over what had happened, but all my thoughts revolved themselves into this sentence, mentally repeated again and again—"Lord Carrick is to marry Ruth Russell!"

After I had said this to myself about a hundred times, I added—"And Eleanor Russell has been fooled!"

It is pleasant to sit down and say to one's self—I have been made a fool of—very pleasant. I found it so; and while I was mentally engaged myself, a member of the Inquisition, putting Lord Carrick to the torture, a shadow fell across my lap. I looked up, and there he was before me!

"I have come to finish what I began to say to you the other day," he said. "I love you—and will you be my bridemaid? I see you have been mistaken, as well as I."

"I did not faint away."

"No. She loves me, and you do not. But I think you will."

"Do you? When?"

"When we are married. Listen. I have but a short time in which to speak. You must have thought my silence very strange. But, Ruth, saw all, made me speak, and threatened to kill you."

"To kill me!" My horror, my dread of Ruth, and belief in her power of evil were such that I rose instinctively to fly.

"I had to persuade her that I had given up all thought of you. I couldn't go near you to warn you, for fear of arousing her suspicions; but now I take the first time that I can call my own in these few days to ask you to leave England with me as my wife."

I steadied myself on my feet. I was conscious of but two things—Ruth wished to kill me, Lord Carrick to marry me. If, doing the latter, I should escape the first.

"When?" I asked.

"To-night. What do you say?"

"Yes. And Aunt Julia?"

"We cannot take her into our confidence until afterward. It would not be safe."

"No, Ruth might."

"I shall not feel that you are safe until I get you out of England. Then I can watch over you, and from that time it will be my pleasure, as well as my duty."

"You are not going? Don't leave me; pray, don't leave me!"

"Not if you will come to the Church with me now. I told the Reverend Doctor I might have some business for him, and he promised to wait my pleasure."

In half an hour from that time I became Lady Carrick.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE IRON DUKE.—Great misapprehension prevails concerning the origin of this sovereign. The fact is it arose out of the building of an iron steamboat which plied between Liverpool and Dublin, and which its owners called "The Duke of Wellington." The term Iron Duke was first applied to the vessel, and by-and-by, rather in jest than in earnest, it was transferred to the Duke himself. It had no reference whatever, certainly at the outset, to any peculiarities, or assumed peculiarities, in the Duke's disposition.

A lady writes to the London Standard, saying that scarlet fever and kindred diseases may be treated successfully by means of the Turkish bath. One of her children, aged four, being attacked by scarlet fever, was shewn in a persimmon to a Turkish bath, and was much better when she returned home. For four successive mornings she underwent the same process, and the progress of the disease was rapid and satisfactory. In the meantime, this amiable lady, while curing her own child, spread the scarlet fever over London, where it is still raging to an alarming degree.

The Territorial Legislature of Wyoming has passed a bill, and the Governor has signed it, according to women the right to vote on the same condition as men. It is hinted, however, that it is a little dodge to induce females to emigrate to the territory, the article being dreadfully scarce out there! But this action of the Legislature unfortunately is not final. It must be approved by Congress, which will bring the whole subject of woman suffrage before that body. In the meantime, Wyoming would be a good place for the Miss Anthonys, Mrs. Stanton, &c., to emigrate to.

We see it stated that Eliza Green, convicted of setting fire to the court house at Kingswood, Preston Co., W. Va., was allowed to choose hanging or imprisonment for life, and selected the former. Judgment was accordingly pronounced, the time for execution being fixed for Jan. 28.

Two couples indulged in a walking match at Pittsburg, Pa., the other evening, for a prize. They kept up the dance for five hours, when one of the ladies fainted. The girls had to have their shoes cut from their feet, and the limbs were swollen next day to an enormous size.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 1, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of the beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND.—In order that the club may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium steel Engraving) \$5.00; Two copies \$9.00; Four copies \$16.00; Five copies (and one extra) \$24.00; Eight copies (and one extra) \$38.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, \$6.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

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NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

RENEW IN TIME!

Our subscribers whose terms expire at the end of the year, would oblige us very much by renewing their subscriptions as early as possible. They would thus prevent the delay in forwarding their papers, which is apt to occur at the beginning of the new year, owing to the large amount of work which is thrown at that time upon our clerks. It would also have a tendency to prevent those mistakes which often result from a great pressure of business.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE FAMILY DOOM; OR, THE SIX OF A COUNTRY. By Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philad.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY FOR JANUARY. Published by Fields, Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE OLD GUARD FOR JANUARY. Published by Van Errie, Horton & Co., New York.

MIRTHFULNESS AND ITS EXCITERS; OR, RATIONAL LAUGHTER AND ITS PROMOTERS. By B. F. Clark, Pastor of the Congregational Church, North Chelmsford, Mass., from 1839 to 1869. Mirth and laughter are promotive both of health of mind and of body. Probably a man who could make the people of these United States laugh ten times where they now do once, would do more good than fifty moral-reform societies and half the physicians to boot. Americans will never become a rude and wholesome people until they learn to take life more cheerfully, not to say merrily. The present volume seems to be full of pleasant and mirth-inspiring anecdotes, and is doubtless just such a book as it is good to have lying around. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

OLD AND NEW. Still another Magazine of the first class devoted to a consideration of all important questions. The January number, the first, now before us, contains articles by Fred. Ingham, H. W. Bellows, Robert Collyer, J. F. Clarke, Mrs. Howe, &c. Published by H. O. Houghton & Co., Boston; and also for sale by the Central News Company, 555 Chestnut St., Phila.

THE AMERICAN HORTICULTURAL ANNUAL. Both of these are published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.

One hundred years ago it required six months to fix quicksilver on glass; it can now be accomplished in forty minutes.

"She died," said Polly, "and was never seen again, for she was buried in the ground where the trees grow." "The cold ground?" said the child, shuddering again.

"No, the warm ground," returned Polly, "where the ugly little seeds are turned into beautiful flowers, and where good people turn into angels and fly away to heaven."—Dickens.

Dr. Chalmers says: "The little that I have seen in the world, and know of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through—the brief pulsations of joy, the tears of regret the feebleness of purpose, the storm of the world that has little charity, the desolation of the soul's sanctuary, and threatening voices within, health gone, happiness gone—I would fain leave the erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came."

During the last fiscal year, 760,000,000 letters passed through the United States mails—forty millions more than during any previous year, and an average of twenty for every man, woman and child in the land.

War, died in Washington on the 24th, aged 55 years. The immediate cause of his death was congestion of the heart.

SAMANA BAY RENTED!—The arrival of the U. S. frigate Albany from Samana Bay, is and of St. Domingo, brings the intelligence that this bay and twenty-five thousand square miles of territory adjacent, have finally come into the possession of the United States for a period of fifty years at an annual rental of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The transfer took place on the sixth instant, in the presence of General Babcock, Legals, and Secretaries, the authorized agents of the United States, together with the agents of President Diaz. The news of the lease caused intense excitement among the people of San Domingo. The revolutionists are making efforts to overthrow Diaz before the American Congress can ratify the arrangements for the lease.

Evangeline Nowhere.

FORTY-FIVE YEARS RETROSPECTED.

The following is taken from a Concord letter to the Boston Journal:

One of the happiest Thanksgiving dinners in New Hampshire, was in one of our loveliest rural villages not thirty miles from Concord. It was the first reunion for many years of several generations of a certain family. At the head of the table sat the venerable grandfather, now 81 years of age, who is yet a charming picture of health and strength preserved in a wonderful degree. He had come alone thousands of miles, from the distant West, to meet his descendants around the festive board of a married daughter. After the dinner, what could be more appropriately in order than the narration by the grandfathers of the interesting events in what had proved to him a very romantic life? His story was long and fascinating, and some of its main features we have gathered for this letter. We suppress names, but the facts are already known to not a few.

The hero of the story was born in the state of New York, and passed his youth on a fertile farm in the valley of the Mohawk river. In the course of time he was engaged to be married. Before the nuptials were celebrated he became interested in another young lady, who also proved to be engaged; but between them there soon sprang up a strong intimacy, which on the part of both was carefully concealed from the other parties concerned. They both were convinced that their existing engagements were not the result of any deep-seated love, but that a union between themselves would be productive of the highest earthly happiness. The most solemn pledges, however, had been made by them, and like honorable persons they shrank from the idea of breaking their plighted faith.

In vain they waited, hoping that something might occur which would cause the other parties to give them release from matrimonial obligations. At length they met, as they supposed, quite probably for the last time, and parted only after plighting each other a love which death or any could destroy. The man married and migrated to the West, and the woman was united in hymeneal bonds and settled on the shores of Oneida Lake. These occurrences happened nearly fifty years ago. The Western adventure proved a good husband and a kind father, and grew into middle age a widely known and influential citizen. Prosperity attended him, and wealth and many friends came to him. After twenty years of married life his wife was taken from him, but children remained to gladden his heart and home.

Sometimes in the twilight hours as he gazed over his broad acres and looked upon his overflowing granaries he would think of his only love, and hope that if she were living there was never a loneliness in her basket or store. By-and-by several of his children married, and one of them came to New Hampshire. Years passed on and his hair became silvery white, but he had never visited the East. When a certain sweet image floated in his mind he would endeavor to forget it and convince himself that quite likely she had long ago passed away from earth. This conclusion was strengthened from the fact that he had never received in any way a scrap of intelligence concerning her. After repeated invitations from his relatives, he concluded a few months ago to spend with them in New Hampshire, the then approaching festival of Thanksgiving.

He reached Albany at the time of the height of the late great flood, and travel being much interrupted he stayed over a few days and accidentally met some old acquaintance of his youth. During one conversation there was casually mentioned the name of her from whom he had so sorrowfully parted. Eagerly he asked if she was yet alive, and when answered in the affirmative, tears came to his eyes, and he told his friends that he must at once set out in search of her. He was told where she was living only six months previous, and thither he went with all possible haste but she was not there. Only a month before she had gone away. He learned the direction it was supposed she had taken, and again with all possible speed he pushed forward. But fate seemed against him, for further and further away seemed the object of his search.

At last, after he had travelled hundreds of miles, going often by night as well as by day, he found the lost angel of his youth. Words cannot picture the scene of the meeting, and over it we kindly draw a veil. In a moment, as it were, the history of their lives went in review before them, and the sad parting of forty-five years ago was again a living reality in their sight. The many years of their separation had not dimmed their affection for each other, and a bright and happy future seemed dawning upon them. The story of the woman was one of long toil and suffering. After ten years of wedded life her husband had died of lingering disease, leaving three children.

One after another of these treasures was claimed by death, until alone and friendless she was left to battle with the world. For a time the thought of one whose picture was ever in her heart gave her some encouragement and strength; but at length she experienced bitter despair, and to death alone she looked for relief. In such circumstances she was found by one who renewed the pledges of his youthful affection, and asked that to her happiness he might devote the remainder of his life. Such was the grandfather's story at the happy Thanksgiving dinner, and he closed by saying that one week from that day he was to be married to her who had been so long lost, but who was at length restored to him.

The preparations for the marriage are now in progress, and nothing will be spared to make the occasion one of the happiest possible. Relatives and friends, in large numbers, are to be present, many of them to come a long distance, and bright and numerous are the anticipations of pleasure. The grand old man feels himself very young—and he often amuses himself by telling them what he proposes to do "when he gets old."

"Why don't the girls go West?" is the question asked by a correspondent of the Boston Journal, who cites statistics to prove that in Ohio there is an excess of 40,000 men, in Michigan 40,000 in California 143,000, and in other States similar proportions. In Massachusetts, on the contrary, there are 35,000 more women than men; in New Hampshire 6,500; in Rhode Island 6,000, and in Connecticut 7,800. The total excess in New England of females over males is 48,500. Perhaps the unmetallized find in these figures convincing arguments.

Mysterious Disappearances.

FROM AN ENGLISH PAPER.

Unaccountable and unaccounted for disappearances of persons from the circle in which they usually move are not very unusual. Sometimes, as in the case of the Rev. B. Spoke, the whole world is roused up to make search, and the missing person is found, the only unconcerned individual in the midst of the general stir. At others, no tidings are heard, and the lost one seems to have, to all intents and purposes, dropped out of life. Occasionally, after years of absence, these wanderers return, not infrequently having gone no farther than some near town, where, assuming other names, they have tried life again under new circumstances. The press is used to be responsible for many of these sudden disappearances, and doubtless was unjustly blamed for many more. There are instances in which disappearances, losses, and complications of various sorts are evident causes, even to on-lookers, why a man should disappear from his usual life. But there are others where the world can perceive no reason for the change, and where the motive, whatever it was, is hidden in the heart of the man who has altered his life. The world—which is slow to apprehend that any but material considerations can justify a man in changing the whole course of his existence, so as even to disappear from his usual circle—is apt to place the credit of mental disengagement all that it cannot understand. It turns out, however, that the world frequently is not in the slightest degree justified in this interpretation of things. Among the strongest of the known motives which have influenced men in their disappearance from their old lives must always be reckoned religious feeling. Our readers will doubtless be able to call to mind many examples which serve to illustrate this proposition. One of the most singular instances of modern days is that afforded by the retirement of Mr. Laurence Oliphant from English society—his disappearance, in fact, from the place which he occupied in the world of London. A gentleman of good birth and position, who was a member of Parliament, who had been engaged in diplomatic service, who had travelled over much of the world, and had made his mark in literature—he suddenly disappeared, and the places which had known him knew him no more. Where he had gone was asked on all hands, and at last what had been all along known to his intimate friends was known to every one, that he had become one of a number of persons who had settled in and near the little village of Bockton, on the Buffalo and Erie Railway, near the shores of Lake Erie, and about seven miles from Dunkirk. All kinds of rumors began to be spread, and poor Mr. Oliphant's life was made a burden to him, in consequence of the numerous inquiries he was called on to answer, and the interviews which he was expected to accord for the purpose of having his conversation retailed in newspapers. Not long ago a sort of semi-official statement was given in a New York journal, which it was hoped would tend to allay the fever of curiosity that had arisen as to the retreat of so distinguished a man. This account informs all who desire to know, that Mr. Oliphant had for some years before his departure from England entertained the idea of founding a society of persons who coincided with himself in the religious views he holds, which are a development of Swedenborgianism. About sixty persons from various countries (two of them from Japan) united, and, under the leadership of Mr. Oliphant and the Rev. Mr. Harris, they settled at Bah-m-on-Erie, where they possess an estate of about 1,600 acres in extent, which is divided into seventeen farms, and where the cultivation of the vine, wheat, oats, and fruit, and attention to pasture, are their chief occupations. The arrangements under which the members of the society hold their property have not yet been made public, the members justly considering that so no arrangements concern themselves only. The number of persons living on the estate varies from fifty to sixty, some leaving for a time, but not permanently. Indeed, very recently, Mr. Oliphant himself paid a brief visit to England, of which more may at some future time be heard. Several clergy men are among the members of the society. Each person has his finite work to do, and does it busily; consequently the association has as yet been eminently successful in a pecuniary point of view. After all, there is nothing remarkable in the association itself. People before this have chosen to live in one place because they "think alike on most subjects, have strong democratic tendencies, and hold enthusiastically the same religious views." In the arrangements there is nothing wonderful, or even unusual, especially in America. What has drawn so much attention to Bockton is the fact that Laurence Oliphant, a remarkable man in English society, should have been chosen to be one of the leaders of the association. It is to be hoped that in his new home he has found society more congenial than that in which he has left, and compensations for what he has given up in order to join it.

A negro boy stole a crying doll in Petersburg, Va., the other day. Hiding it under his coat, it "queaked," and bleached him white with fear at the miraculous witness against him.

A writer in Cassell's Magazine inquires why should we not make our houses unflammable and our furniture fireproof? Timber may be prevented from firing by simply impregnating it with a concentrated solution of rock salt. The fact has just been announced by a German chemist, who was commissioned by a fire insurance company to solve the question. Water-gates will act as well, but it is expensive. The salt renders the wood proof against dry-rot and the ravages of insects. A solution of it pumped out of a fire-engine upon burning matter would be vastly more effective than plain water.

Air is a meal of which we are constantly partaking—hence it should always be pure.

CARE OF THE EYES.—Looking into a fire is very injurious to the eyes, particularly a coal fire. The stimulus of light and heat united destroys the eyes.

Beals of white porcelain, engraved in a uniform style, representing a monster seated, whose face is half dog and half ape, have frequently been found in many parts of Ireland, sometimes at the bottom of bogs and quagmires, and sometimes near the surface of the soil. The inscriptions engraved upon them have been deciphered by Chinese savants, who assert that they are proverbs, and still current in China. The question now is, How did those porcelains ever get to Ireland?

Of Wine—And Why People Drink?

Wine, ale, and liquors, administered strictly as medicine—what of them? Do you differ on the subject, and known facts point to different conclusions. Distinguished physicians are of opinion that the Prince Consort would be alive at this moment if he had been given him during his last sickness; but there were formerly those who thought that the Prince Consort would have been saved, if, at the crisis of his malady, he could have had the glass of port wine which he craved and asked for. The biographer of William Pitt—Lord Macaulay among them—tells us that at fourteen that precocious youth was tormented by inherited gout, and that the doctors prescribed a hair (?) of the same dog which had bitten his ancestor from whom the gout was derived. The boy, we are told, used to consume two bottles of port a day; and, after keeping up this regimen for several months, he recovered his health, and retained it until, at the age of forty-seven, the news of Ull and Austerlitz struck him mortal blows. Professor James Miller, of Edinburgh University, a decided teetotaler, declares for wine in bad cases of fever; but Dr. R. T. Trall, another teetotaler, says that during the last twenty years he has treated hundreds of cases of fever on the cold-water system, and "not yet lost the first one;" although, during the first ten years of his practice, when he gave wine and other stimulants, he lost "about the usual proportion of cases." The truth appears to be that, in a few instances of intermittent disease, a small quantity of wine may sometimes enable a patient who is at the low tide of vitality to sustain the turn of the tide, and borrow at four o'clock enough of five o'clock's strength to enable him to reach five o'clock. With regard to this daily drinking of wine and whiskey, by ladies and others, for mere debility, it is a delusion. In such cases wine is, in the most literal sense of the word, a mocker. It seems to nourish, but does not; it seems to warm, but does not; it seems to strengthen, but does not. It is an arrant cheat, and perpetuates the evils it is supposed to alleviate.

Man will learn not to drink wine when he is well. It will be also an article of his religion not to commit any of those sins against his body the consequences of which can be postponed by drinking wine. He will hold his body in veneration. He will feel all the terribles and shame of violating it. He will not acquire the greatest intellectual good by the smallest bodily loss. He will know that mental acquisitions gained at the expense of physical power or prowess are not culture, but effeminacy. He will honor a rosy and stalwart ignorance, who is also an honest man, faithfully standing at his post; but he will start back with affright and indignation at the spectacle of a pallid philosopher. The Man of the Future, I am firmly persuaded, will not drink wine, nor any other stimulating fluid. If by chance he should be sick, he will place himself in the hands of the Doctor of the Future, and take whatever is prescribed. The impression is strong upon my mind, after reading almost all there is in print on the subject, and conversing with many physicians, that the Doctor of the Future will give his patients alcoholic mixtures about as often as he will give them laudanum, and in doses of about the same magnitude, reckoned by drops.

We drinkers have been in the habit, for many years, of playing off the wine countries against the teetotalers; but even this argument fails us when we question the men who really know the wine countries. Alcohol appears to be as pernicious to man in Italy, France, and Southern Germany, where little is taken except in the form of wine, as it is in Sweden, Scotland, Russia, England, and the United States, where more fiery and powerful dilutions are usual.

I have been surprised at the quantity, the emphasis, and the uniformity of the testimony against drinking. Close observers of the famous beer countries, such as Saxony and Bavaria, speak of this delicious liquid as the chief enemy of the nobler faculties and tastes of human nature. The surplus wealth, the surplus time, the surplus force of these nations are chiefly expended in riddling the brain with beer. It is not a small matter, but a great and weighty consideration—the cost of these drinks in mere money.

The teetotalers have always underrated the difficulty of the task they have undertaken, and mis-conceived its nature. It is not the great task that most requires treatment when a man has the gout, although it is the great task that makes him roar. When we look about us, and consider the present physical life of man, we are obliged to conclude that the whole head is sick and the whole heart is faint. Drinking is but a symptom which reveals the malady. Perhaps, if we were all to stop our gurgling and bubbling, without discontinuing our other bad habits, we should rather lose by it than gain. Alcohol supports us doing wrong! It prevents our immediate destruction. The thing for us to do is, to strike at the cause of drinking, to cease the bad breathing, the bad eating, the bad reading, the bad feeling and bad thinking, which, in a sense, necessitate bad drinking.

The Human Race is now on trial for its life! One hundred and four years ago last April, James Watt, a poor Scotch mechanic, while taking his walk on Glasgow Green, conceived the idea which has made steam man's subservient and untiring slave. Steam enables the fifteen millions of adults in Great Britain and Ireland to produce more commodities than the whole population of the earth could produce without its assistance. Steam, plus the virgin soil of two new continents, has placed the means of self-destruction within the reach of hundreds of millions of human beings whose ancestors were almost as safe in their ignorance and poverty as the beasts they attended. At the same time, the steam-engine is an infatigable propagator; and myriad creatures of its prodigious—creatures of eager desires, thin brains, excessive vanity, and small self-control—seem formed to bend the neck to the destructive tyranny of fashion, and yield helplessly to the more destructive tyranny of habit. The steam-engine gives them a great variety of the means of self-extirpation—air-tight houses, labor-saving machines, luxurious food, stimulating drinks, highly-wrought novels, and many others. Let all women for the next century but wear such restraining clothes as are now usual, and it is doubtful if the race could ever recover from the effects; it is doubtful if there could ever again be a full-orbed, bouncing baby. Wherever we look, we see the human race dwindling. The English aristocracy used to be thought an exception, but Miss Nightingale says not. She tells us

that the great houses of England contain great-grandmothers possessing constitutions without a flaw, grandmothers that are slightly impaired, mothers who are often ailing and never strong, daughters who are miserable and hopeless invalids. And the steam-engine has placed efficient means of self-destruction within reach of the kitchen, the stable, the farm, and the shop; and those means of self-destruction are all but universally used.

Perhaps man has nearly run his course in this world, and is about to disappear, like the mammoth, and give place to some nobler kind of creature who will manage the estate better than the present occupant. Certainly we cannot boast of having done very well with it, nor could we complain if we should receive notice to quit. Perhaps James Watt came into the world to extinguish his species. If so, it is well. Let us go on, eating, drinking, smoking, over-working, idling, men killing themselves to buy clothes for their wives, children petted and coddled into imbecility and diphtheria.

Still, probably the instinct of self-preservation will assert itself in time, and an antidote to the steam-engine will be found before it has steamed the whole race beyond recovery. To have discovered the truth with regard to the effects of alcohol upon the system was of itself no slight triumph of the self-preserving principle. It is probable that the truly helpful men of the next hundred years will occupy themselves very much with the physical welfare of the race, without which no other welfare is possible.

Ole Bull—A Romantic History.

In one way or another his whole life seems to have been a round of adventure and excitement. Driven by his passion for music to quit the University of Christiania, where he was studying for the church, he began his career as an artist at the age of nineteen. One of his first exploits was a duel, in which his antagonist, a fellow musician, was mortally wounded. To escape the consequences of this affair, he fled to Paris. There he fell into poverty, was robbed of everything he had, even of his violin, and in his despair threw himself into the Seine. This attempt at suicide was the making of him. Being fished out of the water, his fortune condition attracted the notice of a rich lady who had recently lost her son, and who fancied that she traced in the young violinist's features a resemblance of her dead child. She took him home, provided for his wants, enabled him to make a professional tour, which placed him at once on the high road to fortune. The applause of the concert halls, however, could not satisfy his adventurous spirit.

He managed, we believe, to have a share in nearly all the European revolutions. He was badly wounded in the Paris insurrection of 1832, figured conspicuously in the movements of February, 1848, then hurried to Holland, where he had some more revolutionary experience, and went back to Paris to enjoy more still. He fought under the French in Algeria. He built a theatre at Bergen and brought out political dramas, which led to his arrest and financial ruin. Then, following an illustrious example, he laid down the fiddle and the bow, took up the implements of husbandry, and bought a great tract of land in Pennsylvania, for the purpose of founding a Norwegian agricultural colony. This was in 1862. Hundreds of his countrymen followed him to the promised land, and a little town called Olean was soon built by their industry, but the experiment proved a disastrous failure, and the projector was ruined for a second time. Then he came to New York, took a lease of the just-finished Academy of Music, and in two months was ruined again. His career since then has been quieter, and we trust happier.

Since the above was in type, we have seen the following in a New York letter of Dec. 23:—

"Among the passengers by the Cunard steamer *Russia*, from Liverpool, this morning, is Ole Bull. On the passage, when within a few hours' sail of the port, the passengers addressed him a written request to perform for them; and to this, with his usual urbanity, he acceded. The proceeds of the entertainment will be devoted to the fund for erecting a monument commemorative of the 100th anniversary of Norwegian nationality or independence, which is to be celebrated in 1872. This monument is to take the form of a beacon on the Norwegian coast—thus giving expression to feelings of patriotism, and conferring a benefit on commerce and navigation at the same time. It is especially to promote this enterprise that Ole Bull returns to give a series of concerts in this country."

RUINED.—A bankrupt merchant returning home one night, said to his noble wife, "My dear, I am ruined; every thing we have is in the hands of the sheriff."

After a few moments of silence, the wife looked calmly into his face and said: "Will the sheriff sell you? Oh, no. Will the sheriff sell me? Oh, no. Will the sheriff sell all the children? Oh, no. Then do not say we have lost every thing. All that is most valuable remains to us—manhood, womanhood, and childhood. We have lost but the results of our skill and industry. We can make another fortune, if our hands and hearts are left us."

TEXAS.—A telegram from Governor Pease, dated Austin, Texas, December, 20, says that Davis, for Governor, is 400 ahead, exclusive of the counties of Milan and Navarra, which, if allowed to vote, would elect Hamilton. It appears that Navarra county did not vote on the day of election, as the registration had not been completed, and that in Milan county the election was interrupted by disturbances, and was, therefore, not completed. General Reynolds, it is understood, has ordered elections in those counties—but has referred the question of counting the votes to the President.

The Westchester Jeffersonian is now printed by a novel motor, the propelling force being supplied from a hydrant pipe. It works steadily and smoothly. It takes up small space, requires no attention, makes no noise, no hissing of steam or splashing of water; is clean, and is always ready. It is a perfect novelty. It should be seen to be appreciated. —*Exchange Paper.*

The Overend-Gurney trial in London, has been concluded, resulting in their acquittal.

Imitate the example of the locomotive. He runs along, whistles over his work, and yet never takes anything but water when he wants to "wet his whistle."

A Sad Tale of Cawnpore.

Twelve years have failed to extinguish the emotions with which the massacre at Cawnpore, India, is associated. When the dreadful tragedy took place there were said to have been among the victims two daughters of Sir Hugh Wheeler. We are now assured that one of these is still living, and that instead of being murdered she was taken by a petty rascal into his harem, where she has since continued. It appears from an Indian paper that a gentleman heard of her while making a tour, and sent a message to her, offering to remove her, and to restore her to her family and friends. She stated in a written reply that she had been twelve years in her degradation—that she had children, and that she could not muster moral courage enough to face the world, much less her relatives. Her desire was to be left unnoticed and forgotten.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR.—The demand is limited—sales at \$4.25 @ 4.75 per barrel for superfine; \$4.00 @ 4.55 for extra; \$3.50 @ 4.00 for spring wheat extra family; \$3.00 @ 3.50 for Penna. do. do. \$2.75 @ 3.25 for Ohio do. do. and \$2.50 @ 3.00 for fancy. Rye Flour is selling at \$2.15 @ 2.50.

GRAIN.—The wheat market is very dull. Sales of Penna. red at \$1.50 @ 1.55, and white at \$1.45 @ 1.50. Rye, sold at \$1 for Penna. Corn—Old yellow sold at \$1.00 @ 1.04, and 500 bus of new at \$0.95 @ 1.00. Sales at \$0.95 @ 1.00.

PROVISIONS.—The market continues quiet. Sales of New York at \$23.50 per barrel; Bacon Hams at \$19 @ 21; Pickled Hams at \$14 @ 17; salt shoulders sold at \$12 @ 15; 1/2 lb. smoked shoulders at 10c; and Lard at \$14 @ 15 1/2 per barrel. Cattle and sheep are reported at \$3 @ 3.50 per head for Upplands and New Orleans. HEDDS—400 bus Clovered sold at \$2 @ 2.15 per bus. Timothy is quoted at \$4 @ 4.25. Flaxseed sells at \$3.25 @ 3.50 per bus.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3500 head. The prices realized were: 1000 lbs. at \$3.50 @ 3.75; 1200 lbs. at \$3.75 @ 4.00; 1400 lbs. at \$4.00 @ 4.25; 1600 lbs. at \$4.25 @ 4.50; 1800 lbs. at \$4.50 @ 4.75; 2000 lbs. at \$4.75 @ 5.00; 2200 lbs. at \$5.00 @ 5.25; 2400 lbs. at \$5.25 @ 5.50; 2600 lbs. at \$5.50 @ 5.75; 2800 lbs. at \$5.75 @ 6.00; 3000 lbs. at \$6.00 @ 6.25; 3200 lbs. at \$6.25 @ 6.50; 3400 lbs. at \$6.50 @ 6.75; 3600 lbs. at \$6.75 @ 7.00; 3800 lbs. at \$7.00 @ 7.25; 4000 lbs. at \$7.25 @ 7.50; 4200 lbs. at \$7.50 @ 7.75; 4400 lbs. at \$7.75 @ 8.00; 4600 lbs. at \$8.00 @ 8.25; 4800 lbs. at \$8.25 @ 8.50; 5000 lbs. at \$8.50 @ 8.75; 5200 lbs. at \$8.75 @ 9.00; 5400 lbs. at \$9.00 @ 9.25; 5600 lbs. at \$9.25 @ 9.50; 5800 lbs. at \$9.50 @ 9.75; 6000 lbs. at \$9.75 @ 10.00; 6200 lbs. at \$10.00 @ 10.25; 6400 lbs. at \$10.25 @ 10.50; 6600 lbs. at \$10.50 @ 10.75; 6800 lbs. at \$10.75 @ 11.00; 7000 lbs. at \$11.00 @ 11.25; 7200 lbs. at \$11.25 @ 11.50; 7400 lbs. at \$11.50 @ 11.75; 7600 lbs. at \$11.75 @ 12.00; 7800 lbs. at \$12.00 @ 12.25; 8000 lbs. at \$12.25 @ 12.50; 8200 lbs. at \$12.50 @ 12.75; 8400 lbs. at \$12.75 @ 13.00; 8600 lbs. at \$13.00 @ 13.25; 8800 lbs. at \$13.25 @ 13.50; 9000 lbs. at \$13.50 @ 13.75; 9200 lbs. at \$13.75 @ 14.00; 9400 lbs. at \$14.00 @ 14.25; 9600 lbs. at \$14.25 @ 14.50; 9800 lbs. at \$14.50 @ 14.75; 10000 lbs. at \$14.75 @ 15.00.

To Owners of Horses.

Thousands of horses die yearly from colic. This need not be. Dr. Tobias' *Vaseline Horse Laxative* will positively cure every case if given when first taken. The cost is only one dollar. Every owner of a horse should have a bottle in his stable, ready for use. It is warranted superior to anything else for the cure of colic, wind, galls, swellings, sore throats, sprains, bruises, and sore shins. This laxative is a new remedy, it has been used and approved of for 25 years by the first horsemen in the country. Given to an over-driven horse, it acts like magic. Orders are constantly received from the leading stables of England and the continent. The celebrated Hiram Woodruff, of Louisville, used it for years. Col. Philip P. Bush, of the Jerome race course, has given a certificate which can be seen at the depot, stating that after years of trial, it is the best in the world. His address is Fordham, N. Y. No one using it will ever be without it. It is put up in pint bottles, and is sold by druggists and saddlebag men throughout the United States. Depot, 10 Park Place, New York. Jan 1st.

A private letter from M. Ledru Rollin to a friend in Paris has been published. He says:—"I wish for liberty, but not at any price; I wish for her clothed in white, not in purple. I leave purple to Emperors, and I foresee that, with men like Rochefort, we should inevitably come to a civil war. Admitting that blood was necessary in '93, to shed it now would be odious and useless." In other words, "though I talk like a Frenchman, I am very like an earnest English Radical."

Interesting to Ladies.

The first day I grumbled all day at my wife for buying a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine; but the next I learned to work it myself, and I talk proudly of having a sheet that I have of leading a brigade to victory. It is so simple and so easy that a child can manage it. I am continually congratulating myself for having purchased it.—*Manuel Kyre, Jr., 1st Lieut. 10th Infantry, Drum Barracks, California.*

A Louisville matron, whose husband snored badly, keeps a clothes-pin underneath her pillow, and when his snoring awakes her, she adjusts the pin on his nasal organ, and then slumbers peacefully.

GRAMPTON'S IMPERIAL LAUNDRY SOAP contains a large per centage of VEG-TABLE OIL, is warranted fully equal to the best imported Castile Soap, and at the same time possesses all the washing and cleansing properties of the celebrated French and German laundry soaps. GRAMPTON BROS., 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 Hudson-place, and 25 and 27 Jefferson St. Office 94 Front Street, New York. oct-12

The boys and girls of London are making sixpenny subscriptions for the erection of a monument to the memory of Daniel Defoe, author of Robinson Crusoe, the man who has delighted more youthful readers than any other author.

Moore's Rural New-Yorker for Dec. 25 contains a splendid full-page Engraving of the FAIRY FOUNTAIN at the recent State Foultry Show—the best poultry picture ever given in an American newspaper. Also, a magnificent "MERRY FLYCATCHER," and a "MERRY WINTER SCENE." For sale by all newsdealers; price a dime. See advertisement of Rural in this paper.

A pulpit orator in Oberwesol, on the Rhine, improved his discourse of the 7th of November by giving his audience some original views on the cause of the earthquakes. "For the earthquakes and their cause," he said, "there is only one explanation. What the learned naturalists would teach is pure foolishness. They can only prove that man descends from the ape. From time to time God sends the earthquake in His mighty hand and thoroughly shakes it, in order to rouse up the godless human race from its sleep of sin. And that is the earthquake."

Happy Discovery.—How to save your Stoves, no burning out of bricks or grates, or warping of tops. We guarantee every stove by our method, to last ten years longer than they would if attended to in the prevailing way. Send address and 50 cents and get this valuable receipt. Address OGD & LEXER, Cumberland, Md. Jan 1st.

Sir Walter Scott, in one of his novels, gave expression to the thought of a Highlander's happiness:—"Twenty-four bagpipe players assembled together in a small room, all playing at the same time different tunes."

To Soldiers, Seizers and Others.—For collection of Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize Money, and all other claims. Address General Collection Agency, No. 125 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. ROBERT S. LEASE & CO. sep-17

Merry, in "Merry England," does not mean mirthful, but is compiled from an old Teutonic word, signifying famous or renowned. So says Hawthorne's American Note Book.

Psychometry, Fascination, or Soul-charming. 400 pages; cloth. This wonderful book has full instructions to enable the reader to fascinate either sex, or any animal at will. Mesmerism, Spiritualism, and hundreds of other curious experiments. In can be obtained by sending address, with postage, to T. W. EVANS & CO., 41 S. Eighth St., Philadelphia. oct-17

Heaven.

Excepting exemption from sin, intense, vigorous, untiring action is the greatest pleasure of mind. We could hardly wish to enter heaven did we believe its inhabitants were idly to sit by purring streams, fanned by balmy airs. Heaven to be a place of happiness must be a place of activity. Has the far reaching mind of Newton raised its profound investigations? Has David hung up his harp as an angel as the dusty arms in Westminster Abbey? Has Paul, glowing with God-like enthusiasm, ceased illustrating the universe of God? Are Peter and Cyprian and Edwards and Payson and Evans idling away eternity in mere psalm singing? Heaven is a place of restless activity, the abode of never tiring thought. David and Isaiah will sweep nobler and loftier strains in eternity, and the minds of saints, unlogged by cumbrous clay, will forever feast on the banquet of rich and glorious thought. An eternity of untiring action is before you, and the universe of thought is your field.

The Romance of Cure.

The many evidences of extraordinary cures, that are daily reported as effected through

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent, Ready Relief and Perfect Purgative Pills in written testimonials from all parts of the world, surpass in wonder the most extravagant miracles of enchantment. Physicians and medical men in all countries pronounce these wonderful remedies a mystery that neither their science of analysis or chemical skill can explain. True, these medicines effect the most marvellous cures, and restore the dying to life, and relieve the most wretched pain suffering victim of his tortures, in from one to twenty minutes, and although they know some of the ingredients of their composition, and Doctor Radway has published their formula (withholding only two newly discovered roots), still both French, German, English and American chemists and pharmacologists utterly fail with the same ingredients as prepared by them. The great success, which these wonderful remedies are constantly achieving, lies in the great secret of combining the ingredients together, after exercising due care in selecting the pure and genuine roots.

Tumor of 13 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

Beverly, Mass., July 10, 1869.
DR. RADWAY: I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried everything that was recommended, but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it, but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for Twelve Years. I took six bottles of the Resolvent, one box of Radway's Pills, and used two bottles of your Ready Relief; and there is not a sign of a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel better, smarter, and happier than I have for 13 years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose.

HANNAH F. KNAPP.

Radway's Ready Relief in Two Minutes gave ease and comfort to a bed-ridden sufferer, who for four weeks had been disabled, and for fourteen days under various physicians, receiving no benefit. Read the letter:

"**'CERTIFICATE' 'COPY'**"
During four weeks I had been suffering most severely from most violent pains in the spine, joints, and head. During 14 days I had been utterly unable to attend to anything. After having had medical aid from various physicians, and applied remedies of every kind, without obtaining any relief, my attention happened to be called to RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. I ordered immediately some to be fetched, and two minutes after rubbing myself with the same, the pains in the head disappeared, and after several frictions with the Relief, the pains in the spine and joints disappeared the next day, so that I was enabled to attend to my work on the same day. The astonishing rapidity of the action of this glorious remedy compels me to give publicity to this fact in behalf of suffering humanity. I consider it my duty toward my fellow-men, in order that persons suffering in a similar manner may avail themselves of this admirable remedy.
Dortmund, in Westphalia, Prussia 14th Aug. 1869.
(Signed,) HERRMAN LANGE of Germania, near Martin-Wittens; Holzer Numberer, in Dortmund.

Dr. Radway & Co. have never claimed one hundredth part of the curative virtues for their remedies as is ascribed to them by the people who have used them; for fear in mind, only such diseases and complaints that Dr. Radway, after successful treatment with their remedies knew they would cure, were enumerated in their curative list, so that many of the extraordinary cases that have been reported awakened as much astonishment in the discovery of their remedial agents as in those who had been rescued from death, and made whole and sound.

At first many persons discredited their extraordinary power, from the fact of their disappointment in the use of other advertised remedies—and some believed it impossible for simple medicines made only from vegetable substances—roots, herbs, &c.—should possess such marvellous power. Yet they can readily comprehend that these simple graces of the field, after undergoing the chemical process of distillation designed by nature in the cow, furnishes us with butter—certainly the most abundant fat, caloric or heat-making—bone, tissue, muscle, sinew and blood-making constituents for the human body. But when those people who first doubt the efficacy of these remedies commence their use, they become their most earnest advocates.

Consumption, Scrofula, White Swelling, Tumors in the Womb, Stomach, Ovaries, Bowels, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys that have been pronounced incurable, Cancer, Ulcers, Swellings, Stone in the Bladder, Calculous Concretions, Ulcers and Sores of the Bones, Rickets so deeply seated that no other medicines have ever been known to reach, have been cured by the Sarsaparillian Resolvent, aided by the READY RELIEF and PILLS.

OVARIAN TUMOR CURED.

Never has a medicine taken internally been known to have cured tumors either of the womb, uteri, ovaries, or bowels; the knife has been the sole reliance in the hands of experienced surgeons; but Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent settles this question. For it has cured over twenty persons of Ovarian Cysts and Tumors, as well as Tumors in the Bowels, Uterus, Womb, Liver, Dropsical Effusion, Ascites, and Calculous Concretions.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent is \$1 per bottle, or \$5 for half dozen; Ready Relief 50 cents; Pills 25 cents. Johnston, Holloway & Co., 609 Arch St., Philadelphia. Dr. Radway & Co., 27 Maiden Lane, New York city. Jan 1st.

The Lord Mayor and Sheriff of London recently expended \$140,000 of their private funds to hasten the completion of the Holburn Viaduct. It would be a sight to see American officials loosening their purse strings to aid public works. They generally open their purses to put in the money, not take it out.

Curious Discovery.

A paper was recently read before the American Association for the advancement of science, which stated that on the northern shore of Lake Superior, in Marquette county, Wisconsin, were found remains of long canals and dams, constructed by the beavers for the purpose of transporting the cuttings, consisting of trunks of trees two or three feet long, from the places where trees had fallen, to their lodges. Some of these canals were three, four, and five hundred feet long. They were generally three feet wide, with an average depth of three feet. In order to maintain a continuous depth of water, they made dams at certain distances, and followed the Chinese plan—to whom the lock was unknown—of drawing their cargo from one level to another.

Let Common Sense Decide.

What is the rational mode of procedure in cases of general debility and nervous prostration? Does not reason tell us that judicious stimulation is required? To resort to violent purgation in such a case is as absurd as it would be to bleed a starving man. Yet it is done every day. Yes, this stupid and unphilosophical practice is continued in the teeth of the great fact that physical weakness, with all the nervous disturbances that accompany it, is more certainly and rapidly relieved by HOLLOWAY'S STOMACH BITTERS than by any other medicine at present known. It is true that general debility is often attended with torpidity and irregularity of the bowels, and that this symptom must not be overlooked. But while the discharge of the waste matter of the system is expedited or regulated, its vigor must be recruited. The Bitters do both. They combine aperient and antibilious properties, with extraordinary tonic power. Even while removing obstructions from the bowels, they tone and invigorate those organs. Through the stomach, upon which the great vegetable specific acts directly, it gives a healthy and permanent impetus to every enfeebled function. Digestion is facilitated, the faltering circulation regulated, the blood reinvigorated with a new stimulus of the alimentary principle, the nerves braced, and all the dormant powers of the system roused into healthy action; not spasmodically, as would be the case if a more stimulant were administered, but for a continuance. It is in this way that such extraordinary changes are wrought in the condition of the feeble, emaciated and nervous invalid by the use of this wonderful corrective, alterative and tonic. Let common sense decide between such a preparation and prostrating cathartics supplemented by a poisonous astringent like strychnine or quinine. Jan 1st.

AN ITEM FOR DYSPEPTIC SUFFERERS.—The kernel of the peach pit has proved, in my case, a perfect remedy for what is termed "heart-burn." I suffered from it hourly for years; more at some times than others. Seeing this remedy recommended in some journal, two or three years ago, I often since purposed to try it, but did not, until this winter. When the suffering manifested itself, on one or two of the kernels, and after a few days the symptoms will disappear. The remedy is simple, cheap, and harmless—and, best of all, effectual.—J. O.

Just Out.

"CHERRY PECTORAL TROCHES," For Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, and Bronchitis. None so good, none so pleasant, none cure so quick. HUNTER & Co., 10 Astor House, New York. Use no more of those horrible tasted nauseating "Brown Cubes Things." oct-12

AFTER DINNER NAPS.—Many persons are in the habit of sleeping for half an hour or hour immediately after dinner. This is a bad practice. Ten minutes' sleep before dinner is worth more than an hour after. It rests and refreshes, and prepares the system for vigorous digestion. If sleep is taken after dinner it should be in a sitting posture, as the horizontal position is unfavorable to healthy digestion. Let those who need rest and sleep during the day, take it before dinner instead of after, and they will soon find that they will feel better, and that their digestion will be improved thereby.—*Herald of Health.*

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are the twin remedies on which depends more than one-half the civilized world for health. Diseases which have baffled all medical skill disappear before their wonderful healing and cleansing virtues. Manufactory, 50 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

AN ACTIVE VOLCANO.—Mount Etna is on record as an active and awe-inspiring volcano one thousand years before Christ. Compared with it, Vesuvius, more seen of tourists, is only a hill. Etna rises to a height of eleven thousand feet, and its base is ninety miles in circumference. Its lava streams, five miles wide, and fifty to one hundred feet deep, extend to a length of eighteen miles.

Brown's Bronchial Troches for pulmonary and asthmatic disorders, have proved their efficacy by a test of many years, and have received testimonials from eminent men who have used them. Those who are suffering from coughs, colds, hoarseness, sore throat, &c., should try "The Troches," a simple remedy which is in almost every case effectual.

MARRIAGES.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 15th of Dec., by the Rev. Geo. Brighurst, Mr. NATHAN MARBLE to Miss JOSEPHINE H. LEWIS, both of this city.

On the 14th of June last, by the Rev. E. W. Hatter, Mr. G. SCHREIBER to Miss ELIZABETH MILLER, both of this city.

On the 13th of Dec., by the Rev. M. D. Kirt, Mr. JOSEPH C. JOHNSON to Miss SARAH M. TILSON, both of Atlantic county, N. J.

On the 15th of Dec., by the Rev. J. S. Edmund, Mr. JOHN RUTH to Miss SARAH G. BRIGHT, both of this city.

On the 16th of Dec., by the Rev. John Thompson, Mr. CHARLES H. STAYES, of this city, to Miss LARA HIRSH, of Bucks county, Pa.

DEATHS.

Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 29th of Dec., SARAH B. CADWALLADER, in her 54th year.

On the 29th of Dec., Mrs. MARTHA LESLIE, in her 44th year.

On the 29th of Dec., SAMUEL S. CLATPOOL, in his 77th year.

On the 12th of Dec., Mrs. CHARLOTTE BARR, in her 62nd year.

On the 19th of Dec., ELIZABETH, wife of John Marston, aged 72 years.

On the 19th of Dec., Mrs. MARGARET GOODWIN, in her 93rd year.

On the 13th of Dec., CURTIS G. COLDER, in his 33rd year.

On the 17th of Dec., Mrs. JANE DENVER, in her 75th year.

On the 17th of Dec., ALFRED W. ANGLER, in his 44th year.

THE COMING YEAR.

THREE MONTHS GRATIS
TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

In THE POST of October 24, we commenced a new and brilliant Novelist written by one of the most talented of our lady authors. It is entitled

A Family Failing.

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "How a Woman Had Her Way," &c.

We are also now publishing

George Canterbury's Will.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "Roland Yorks," &c.

These will be followed by the following (among other) Novels:

Under a Ban.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, Author of "Out Adrift," "The Debarry Fortune," &c., &c.

Leonie's Mystery.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "Dora Castell," &c.

Bessy Rane.

By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, Author of "East Lynne," "George Canterbury's Will," &c.

A Novelist

By MRS. MARGARET HOMER, Author of "The Mystery of the Beasts," &c.

Who Told?

By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "Between Two," "A Family Failing," &c.

Besides our Novels by Miss Prescott, Miss Douglas, Mrs. Wood, Frank Lee Benedict, Mrs. Homer, &c., we also give in Stories, Sketches, &c.,

The Gems of the English Magazines.

And also NEWS, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, POETRY, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, RECEPTS, &c.

Our new Premium Steel Engraving is called "TAKING THE MEASURE OF THE WEDDING RING,"—is 18 by 24 inches—and will probably be the most attractive engraving we have ever issued. It was engraved in England, at a cost of \$2,000. A copy of this, or of either of our other large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full (\$2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library.

We make the following Special Offer to New Subscribers. We shall begin the subscriptions of all NEW SUBSCRIBERS for 1870 with the paper of October 2, which contains the commencement of Miss Prescott's new and brilliant Novelist, "A FAMILY FAILING," until the large extra edition of that date is exhausted. This will be thirteen papers in addition to the regular weekly numbers for 1870, or fifteen months in all! When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all new subscribers for 1870 shall be entered on our list the very week they are received. Of course those who send in their names early will receive the full number of extra papers.

At the present date we have a large number of the back papers to October 24 still on hand.

This offer applies to all new subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getting up of a club of five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to new subscribers, our old subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and in the case of getting up clubs—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, are we able to make THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a first-class literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the get-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

See TERMS under editorial head. Sample numbers (postage paid) are sent for 8 cents.

FRONT PICTURES.

Pictures on the window,
Painted by Jack Frost,
Coming at the midnight,
With the moon are lost.
Here a row of fir trees,
Standing straight and tall;
There a rapid river,
And a waterfall.

Here a branch of coral
From the briny sea;
There a weary traveller
Resting 'neath a tree.
Here a grand old iceberg
Floating slowly on;
There the mighty forest
Of the torrid zone.

Here a swamp all tangled,
Rushes, ferns and brake;
There a rugged mountain,
Here a little lake.
Thus a breath, the lightest
Floating on the air,
Jack Frost catches quickly,
And imprints it there.

And thus you are painting,
Little children, too,
On your life's fair window
Always something new.
But your little pictures
Will not pass away,
Like those Jack Frost's fingers
Paint each winter day.

O, they will be lasting
As God's book of truth,
Whether made by Willie,
Johnnie, May or Ruth;
And your little pictures,
Each its story tells
Of the good or evil
Which within you dwells.

Each kind word or action
Is a picture bright;
Every duty mastered
Is lovely in the light;
But each thought of anger,
Every word of strife,
Blotches the picture,
Stains the glass of life.

GEORGE CANTEBERY'S WILL.

By MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

AT THE FESTIVE BOARD.

The crowded and prolonged season gave no signs yet of drawing to a close. If the spring had been cold and dull, the summer was lovely. London was very full; Hyde-park shown with beauty; frivolity reigned everywhere.

Amidst the gayest of the gay were Captain and Mrs. Dawkes. In their fine mansion in Belgravia, the house of which had been recently purchased, they reigned a king and queen of fashion, entertaining frequently the world, regardless of cost. From the state and expense kept up, by the way the money was squandered right and left, it might have been thought their purse was without end. The most absurd stories of Mrs. Canterbury's wealth had flown about, and society deemed her revenues to be at least royal. Possibly in her inexperience she fancied them so herself.

The Captain was in clover. Unlimited wealth, and a high position amidst his fellow men, had been the dream of his ambition from boyhood. A dream of fancy, however, rather than of hope; for Barnaby Dawkes had never thought to be more wealthy than Mrs. Garston's money would have made him. And even that he had not looked upon as a certainty. Although Keziah and others had told him he was sure to succeed to the old lady's inheritance, in his own heart there had always lain a doubt of it. She herself had never led him to expect it—never by a single hint; on the contrary, words had many a time fallen from her lips from which he knew he might draw a totally opposite deduction. And therefore Mr. Barnaby could never in reality place expectations as an excuse for the spendthrift ways he took up. But what was Mrs. Garston's moderate wealth compared to this that he had come into by his marriage with Mrs. Canterbury? Barnaby Dawkes estimated that now much as he did a few ashes from his cigar. He could at length afford to snap his fingers at the old lady; and did so metaphorically.

To marry Barnaby Dawkes was an imprudent step of Mrs. Canterbury's; to marry him in the haste she did, and without any kind of settlement, was impulsive and terrible. For see you not that by so doing all money was not secured to her separate use by her first husband, passed into his power? Reviewing this desirable fact in his mind while he shaved, the morning after his marriage, complacently regarding himself in the glass, the Captain called it a "godsend." Possibly; but he had not the sense to foresee that to a man of his lavish tastes and self-indulgent habits it might prove a dangerous one. He paid his debts,—more, were they, than the world or Keziah knew of; he repurchased into the army; he flung money about as inclination dictated, without the slightest stint; and he and his wife, quitting the Rock, set up their gorgeous tent in Belgravia for the season, to live on the scale of princes.

They were a fashionable couple in other respects as well; politely indifferent to each other, rather than cordial. That Caroline had found out her mistake in marrying him was only too probable; and the very listlessness in which her days were passed caused her to enter the more eagerly into gaiety. If she repented, she did not show it; woman-like, she buried it within her breast; and talked, and dressed, and laughed, and was the gayest of the gay. She liked the life; possessing, in point of fact, an innate genius for it. A late breakfast in the morning, she and Barnaby lounging over it together, glancing at their plans for the day, and picking out the most agreeable ways of killing time; very fine and fashionable both, in look and manner and speech, and intensely heartless; he away afterwards, she devouring some charming novel; a few select morning callers; a grand luncheon, taken nearly always in company; the real visiting and being visited; then going out to buy dresses and flowers and sweetmeats—anything attractive that shops display; the Park next; dinner (always a gorgeous one), out or at home; the opera and evening assemblies;

and to bed in the morning sunlight. This was the life; it was, in fact, nothing but a whirl of excitement, and both Captain and Mrs. Dawkes thought it paradise. He, of course, had other pursuits—billiards and wine-drinking and gambling.

But it is not entirely of Captain and Mrs. Dawkes that this chapter must treat. Looking on at all this extravagance and gaiety were the inmates of a house in a less fashionable quarter, but not so very far removed either; and that was Mrs. Dunn's, Paradise-square. Mrs. Dunn had her two sisters staying with her—Olive and Millicent Canterbury. It was natural that they should see all this lavish waste of money, their money, with grievous heart-burning. Yes, their money; they could not but look upon it as their still of right, for they had been born to it. Who were these strangers, these interlopers, Caroline Dawkes and Barnaby her husband, that they should be revelling in the sisters' birthright? Olive and Millicent did not suffer their lips to put the question even to each other. Mrs. Dunn, less reticent, asked it a dozen times a day. But, like many another bitter wrong, it had to be endured, for there was no remedy; and two of them, at least, strove to make the best of it.

The two houses kept up a show of friendship. Stay; not friendship, acquaintance-ship. Miss Canterbury would it so. It was better, she urged; and, after all, what good would be gained by showing resentment? Millicent, following her eldest sister's lead always, acquiesced without a word. Mrs. Dunn grudgingly yielded; not to comply with Olive's advice, but because in her curiosity she would see a little further into Captain and Mrs. Dawkes, and Captain and Mrs. Dawkes's ménage. So a call had been exchanged twice or thrice, and now there was going to be a dinner. Caroline felt a kind of uneasiness in their presence always, her husband none. Indeed, he personally could not be charged with offence to them.

The fine June day was drawing, like the night itself, to a close, as Keziah Dawkes picked her way across the walled streets of Belgravia to her brother's residence. However gratified Barnaby Dawkes might be with the substantial good resulting from his marriage, Keziah was less so. In the abstract she had not wished her brother to marry at all; she felt, to this hour, the keen pang that shot across her heart the evening that he had first spoken of Belle Annesley as his possible future wife; for Keziah loved him jealously. But when Barnaby cast his covetous eyes on the wealthy Mrs. Canterbury, and sent for Keziah to help him scheme to get her, she had entered into it with her whole spirit. What precise good Keziah pictured to result from it for herself, she never said; but she certainly looked for a great deal. And she was feeling disappointed, for as yet the good had not come. To be welcomed as an inmate of this Belgravian mansion she had confidently anticipated; but she had not got there yet. In point of fact, Mrs. Dawkes did not like Keziah, and she told her husband that she would not have her taken. Keziah thought he might have taken the reins into his own hands; and she intended to suggest it to him. Reaching the door, she gave a knock and then a ring; and a smart footman, in the smart Canterbury livery, appeared.

"Is Captain Dawkes at home?"
"No, mem."
"Mrs. Dawkes?"
"Mrs. Dawkes has not come in yet, mem. There's nobody within but Mrs. Kage."
Keziah felt a little surprised.
"Mrs. Kage! is she here?"
"She came up three or four days ago, mem," said the man. "I think she is in her room, a being dressed for dinner."
"I will wait," said Keziah.

Making herself at home in the house, as she chose always to do, she turned into the dining-room. The table was already laid, and for several people.

"There's a dinner-party to-day, I see," observed Keziah quickly, the beautiful glass and silver glittering in her eyes like so many diamonds.

"Not much of a party, mem; a family assemblage, I believe," answered the servant, who minced his words affectingly like some of his betters. "The Misses Canterbury is to dine with us, and one or two more."

Keziah passed into a small room that her brother called his "study." Pipes and pistols, and such-like curiosities lay about; but of materials for other kinds of study there appeared to be none. She sat down by the window, which had a lively prospect of the back yard.

"When my brother comes in, say that I am waiting here to see him," she said. And the man left her.

Captain Dawkes and his wife arrived together. He had been driving her in the Park. As Mrs. Dawkes passed upstairs, the servant delivered the message to his master.

"Well, Keziah," said the Captain, beginning to unbutton his gloves slowly as he entered.

Keziah shook hands with him. Since the marriage her manners had become, perhaps unconsciously, more formal. Time was when her only greeting to him had been a loving kiss.

"I have been waiting in for you every evening for a week past, Barnaby," she began, some resentment in her tone. "You promised to come and talk one or two things over with me."

"Awfully sorry for it," said the Captain, with a great show of repentance. "Haven't been able to come, 'pon honor."

Keziah took her bonnet-string in one hand and stroked it with the other,—a habit she had when in deep thought,—while her eyes were fixed reproachfully on Barnaby.

"The matters must be talked of between us, Barnaby, for my sake, if not for yours. I have never thought but of you through life; but I—I must consider a little for myself now."

"To-morrow, or next day, I'll come for certain, Keziah. We get up awfully late here, and the morning's gone before one can look round."

"I suppose that is in consequence of your going to bed late?" said Keziah, alluding to the getting up. "I am out of my bed at eight every morning in the year."

"Jolly freezing that, in winter!" remarked the gallant Captain. "Look here, you'll stay to dinner. Go up and take your bonnet off."

"You have a party to-day, and I am not dressed for it."

"A party? no. The Canterburys, and Duns, and Tom Kage. Don't think there'll be anybody else. No need of particular dress for them."

"I did think you would have asked me to come here and stay a few days with you, Barnaby," she broke forth, the sore feeling

finding vent at last. "It would be a relief after my poor lodgings."

"Fact is, Caroline objects to have people staying with her," spoke the Captain with indifference.

"You might invite me."

"I'll see later. No time to think about things. Hands full of engagements always. You'll stay to dinner, though?"

"Barnaby, do you ever look back to the old days," she asked in a low tone, her gray, hard face bent forward with an expression of intense pain, "when you and I struggled together, with very few comforts and no dainties, and you went in fear of your liberty? Do you ever recall that time?"

"Why, on earth, should I?" demanded the Captain. "I'm only too glad to send it amidst the by-gones. What's the matter with you, Keziah?"

The matter with her! Keziah Dawkes was only learning the hard lesson that many another woman has had to learn. His turn served, the wealth and position he had coveted his last, Barnaby Dawkes's entire selfishness displayed itself in its true colors. He cared no more for the sister who had sacrificed so much for him than he did for the rest of the world. Self it had always been with Barnaby; self it would be to the end.

"I did think you might have liked to have me for a short while in your house, Barnaby, now that you have one worth coming to," she said a little plaintively.

"Ah—tell you, got no time to think about it just now, Keziah," was the supremely independent answer. "Such a lot to do in town always. You shall come and stay with us at the Rock."

A gracious promise apparently, but not a sincere one. Barnaby's private belief was, that his wife would no more have Keziah at the Rock than she would in Belgravia. For himself it was a matter of nearly perfect indifference; of the two, he would rather prefer Keziah's room to her company.

"O Barnaby! what a splendid diamond!" Captain Dawkes did most things with the drawing-room of a man of fashion, and he had by this time got off one of his gloves. A diamond on the third finger of his right hand flashed in the light.

"Rather nice," acquiesced the Captain listlessly, as if diamonds were as common with him now as debts once were. "It's a little too large; got to wear it on this finger; shall have it taken in."

"It must have been a priceless diamond," remarked Keziah.

"No; cheap, for what it is. Gave three hundred and fifty for it. Saw it by accident at Garrard's the other day, and nailed it on the spot. Ordered a set of studs to match;—doubt if they'll get 'em as fine as—My dear, what's the matter?"

For Mrs. Dawkes had come into the room in a kind of commotion. She did not at first see Keziah, and began to speak very rapidly.

"Did you ever know anything like mamma? She says she is going to dine at table, and is being got up for it in a low dress.—O, how do you do, Keziah?"

"I was telling Keziah to take her bonnet off and stay to dinner," remarked the Captain. "Not dressed for it, she answers: as if that mattered!"

"O, don't think of your dress," said Caroline graciously. "But about mamma, Barnaby: what's to be done?"

"Let her dine at the table if she wants to," was Barnaby's comment.

"But she'll look—she'll look—such an object," returned Mrs. Dawkes, hesitating to apply the word to her mother, but finding no ready substitute.

"And if she does?" said the easy Captain. "There'll be no strangers."

Mrs. Dawkes and Keziah went upstairs together. The latter unbuttoned her mantle, and glanced at her tight-fitting brown-silk dress. Good of its kind, but not quite the thing for a dinner-party. Keziah Dawkes, however, had outlived the age of vanity. She never possessed much; all hers had been concentrated in her handsome brother. She went and sat in the drawing-room alone, and there waited for the appearance of the company, in door and out-door.

What a beautiful room it was! Keziah was engaged in a mental calculation as to how many hundreds of pounds the furniture and fittings-up had cost, when her attention was attracted by the entrance of Mrs. Kage.

Keziah's eyes took a startled stare of surprise, and she drew back involuntarily. Was it indeed Mrs. Kage? or some poor puppet fantastically attired to frighten the world? Sure such a painted face was never seen in connection with paralysis! For the remains of that seizure were still upon her: the legs were uncertain, the arms shook, the mouth twitched incessantly. Fry, the maid, dragged rather than led her across the room to a seat. Keziah, in her humanity, went up and helped.

"O dear!—much obliged—who is it?" asked the poor cracked jerking voice, and the dim eyes looked up; eyes too near their final closing to be tricked out as they were with belladonna.

"It is I—Keziah Dawkes. I am glad to see you can be about again, Mrs. Kage."

"O, I'm quite well, thank you; quite blooming,—Fry, where are you putting me?"

Fry and Keziah were putting her into the easiest and safest chair they could find, one with large elbows; from an unsafe one she might have tumbled out. Oh, what a mockery it was!—her bedizened face; the flowers and feathers nodding on the head never still; the bare neck with its thin black-lace covering; the jangling beads on the skeleton wrists! When Mrs. Kage should be attired for her coffin, lying in it at rest, she would be more seemly to the eye than she was now.

Fry had scarcely fixed her, or finished picking up the fans and scent-bottles that would keep falling from her hands and lap, when Mrs. Dawkes entered—a lovely vision she, in pearls and blue satin. Something like dismay rose to her beautiful face.

"Fry! how could you think of bringing mamma here?" came the vexed question. "She should have been taken at once to her place at table."

"She'd not go, ma'am," answered Fry.

"She would not hear of it."

"But how is she to be got down when the people are here?—Mamma!—bending down her face to the parafin—'you had better go to the dinner-table at once, it will be more comfortable for you.'"

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Kage shrilly. "I am going down with the rest; I am not a child. On the ingratitude of daughters! After I have schemed for you, Caroline, to put you in your beautiful position, and got you loads of wealth and—"

"There, there, mamma; that will do.—Fry, pour some eau-de-cologne on mamma's hands."

Mrs. Kage was ever ready for scent in any shape, and the "pouring it on her hands" took her attention from undesirable reminiscences. Caroline, biting her pretty lips, walked to the window and looked out.

She was just in time to see the stoppage of Mrs. Dunn's carriage underneath. One, the first to step from it, caused her heart to thrill even then; it was Thomas Kage. He turned round to give his hand to the rest. Millicent Canterbury jumped lightly down; Olive came next; Lydia Dunn last. Captain Dawkes, entering the room with them, found himself pulled gently by the coat-tails.

"May I come in, papa?"

"No, certainly not," growled the Captain angrily. "We don't want you, sir. Be off back!"

The child—it was little Tom Canterbury—shrank away timidly. He had his mother's blue eyes and her fair hair. Mr. Kage, who had lingered a moment to give Mrs. Dunn's footman his directions, came just in the boy's way, and stretched out his arms playfully on either side to make a barrier. They were alone on the landing. Something like a sob burst from Tom.

"Why, my little fellow, what is it?"

"Papa won't let me go in; he is always cross now. Mamma is there, and I've got to go away to the nursery."

"I'll take you," said Mr. Kage. "We'll go together."

Picking up the child in his arms, he carried him up the stairs very tenderly. Some instinct whispered to him that Captain Dawkes's show of love before marriage for this unfortunate child had faded into air. In point of fact it was so; Captain Dawkes was not deliberately harsh or cruel to the boy—his wife would not have permitted that; but he was coldly indifferent, sometimes very cross. Judith, the nurse, sat in the nursery, mending a pinafore.

"Back again, Master Tom! I knew it was of no good your asking."

She turned round, saw Mr. Kage, and rose. The little boy ran to a box of bricks, and began showing Mr. Kage what a good house he could build. They were the best of friends, rare though their meetings were; and Mr. Kage never failed to come without some delightful book to please the child's eye or ear. He drew one from his pocket now, and took the boy on his knee. Tom—he was always gentle—pressed his little hands together with delight at the first picture.

"What's that, Mr. Kage? An angel?"

"I never see such a child," interposed Judith in a superstitious semi-whisper. "He's always wanting to talk of angels and heaven, sir; one would think they had called him to go up there."

"Well, this is an angel," said Thomas Kage, smiling pleasantly. "See, Tom—he is standing at the top of the ladder, and Jacob is asleep at the foot, with his head on the hard stone."

"Does the ladder reach right up into heaven?" asked little Tom.

"Right up. And the angels, though we cannot see them, Tom, will help us all to climb it in our turn."

"I dream of the angels sometimes," said Tom; "I like to."

"Just bark at him!" interjected Judith to herself.

"Nobody tells me about them but you," said Tom. "I wish you'd come here often."

"I have to stay at home and work," said Mr. Kage. "Ask mamma to tell you."

"Mamma says she has no time."

"You audacious little Turk, taking mamma's name in vain!" interposed a fond voice at this juncture; and the child slid off Thomas Kage's knee to fly to it. Caroline clasped him in her arms, kissing him passionately. Her love for him could not fade or weaken. With a laughing apology for not speaking to him at once, she held out her hand to Mr. Kage.

"I thought I might find you here. But what kind of manners do you call it, sir, to pay your respects to Mr. Tom before you pay them to me?"

"He waylaid me on the stairs, and I carried him up here."

"Papa would not let me go into the drawing-room. I wanted you, mamma."

"Not let you! Nonsense, Tom! The dinner's not quite ready; you shall go down with me."

"I don't care now," dissented Tom. "I've got a book with some angels in it. Mr. Kage gave it me."

"You are very kind to him," exclaimed Caroline, a mist of gratitude rising in her eyes. "I think you wish to be a true friend to him."

"It is what I mean to be, heaven permitting me."

Tom sat down on the carpet, picture-book on lap, and Mrs. Dawkes and her cousin descended the stairs together, her vain glance lingering in any mirror they happened to pass. Thomas Kage had rejected her for his wife; but she liked to look her best in his eyes, for all that. Whether she were more vain of herself or her precious boy, it would have puzzled Mrs. Dawkes to tell.

"He is a queer little darling," she suddenly said. "Fancy his staying up there from choice, to 'look at the angels!'"

"He could not look at better things, Caroline."

"Oh, of course not. I think it must have been you who first gave him the fancy. Judith says he would always be talking of angels and Heaven."

"I think, in these rare cases, it is Heaven itself that gives it," gravely spoke Mr. Kage. "Caroline, are you doing your duty by him?"

The question sounded rather an abrupt one. Mrs. Dawkes turned her face to the speaker.

"My duty?"

"I mean in the higher sense of the word. A child should be trained to think of these solemn things. Are you training him?"

"Thomas, how old-fashioned you are! What do I know of angels, more than anybody else knows?"

"His good, dark eyes rested for a moment upon her. That she certainly knew next to nothing, had never been taught to know, he was only too well aware."

"The child has just said to me, talking of angels, 'Mamma has no time to tell me about them.' Caroline, you must make the time. It is the solemn duty of every mother to endeavor to train her child for Heaven."

"I wish you'd not preach as though you were in a pulpit, Thomas. I do train him. He says his prayers, and all that. One would think you feared I meant him to be a heathen!"

"His father is dead; you alone are left. If Mr. Canterbury can look down on this world, Caroline, think what his grief and agony might be at seeing his little son left untaught. The training of children is the

His mother rushed after him, yet at some little distance, fearing he might discover her. She followed him through the short

street, across the crazy wooden bridge which then spanned the river, and on still farther; first along the river side, and then toward the hill, where lay the quarry.

But he did not go to the quarry. He stopped some rods before it, and suddenly, with one moment's exercise of the great strength which again seemed to animate him, tore aside a great stone, and revealed to his mother's astonished gaze a small cavern. It had evidently been once much larger, but it was now almost full of blocks and chips of stone, and upon them lay two pillars, the fac-similes of those of which the famous towers were formed—two pillars which would complete the structure.

A sudden revelation filled his mother's soul. She stood there spell-bound. She saw him begin his work, saying gaily, there was nothing like sunlight for such delicate touchings. She heard him direct an imaginary throng of men to do this or that, and then complete the work himself, while he merely thought himself directing others. She saw him at last stand before his nearly completed work, with ecstasy in his wide, wide-open eyes, and then, complaining that he could see no longer, for the sun was setting, saw him come out into the early dawn, and, calling "Adios, Pese-adios, Pese," to imaginary companions, close the stone against the opening of the cavern, and walk slowly and painfully home. She saw him enter his room, and undress, and go to bed, saying he would rest before eating; and then she saw again commence a day of heavy dreamless sleep—his night.

And then, as mothers generally do, she bore her glory and her grief to God, and then rushed to the priest to tell him what she had seen.

He was astounded. He could not believe. He could believe in the miracle of angels turned builders, sooner than that Pablo Gonzales had done this gigantic work alone. True, now that he came to think of it, the towers were exactly after the plan Pablo had shown him; and besides, he was a man of immense strength, and, it was said, had, in his younger days, lifted, and even carried weights as great as were those pillars. Besides, the work had been in hand more than two years, and the padre had often, in his secret soul, thought that it would have been as well had the heavenly architects finished their work a little more quickly, especially as the rough blocks were always prepared for the pillars, and they had nothing to do but carve and place them. So, the end of it was, that the padre's faith in the angels was a little shaken, and he resolved to obey the old woman's invitation and follow her to the cave that night.

It was late when she came for him, and nearly midnight when the two, accompanied by an old man servant of the priest, stood before the open cave.

The bright moonlight was streaming into it, and lay full upon the two blocks of stone. Pablo was just putting the finishing touches to his work. "A little more light in this angel's eyes," he was saying. "There, there, that is perfect. Thank God, my work is finished!" And then he fell upon his knees in silent prayer, turning his wide-open, yet apparently sightless eyes to Heaven.

"But, boys," he said, "these pillars must be set in their places to-day. I've promised that, you know. Heavy!—pooh! They're nothing compared to the others! Steady! There now, that's it!" And, evidently with the belief that he was assisted by a score of men, Pablo Gonzales bent beneath the burden of the great pillar—and walked away.

He carried it to the church as if it had been a child on his back. They saw him, in a manner that was indeed miraculous, ascend the ladder which leaned against the tower, and relieving himself of his burden, begin, with hammer and chisel, mortar and trowel, to put the pillar into a proper and firm position. They saw him complete his work, and then go quietly home, and to his rest.

That day the padre did not sleep, though he had watched all night. He sat beside the bed of Pablo Gonzales, and wondered, and shuddered at his death-like sleep. Once he woke him up and asked him if he never dreamed. At first, Pablo, at sight of him, burst into curses.

"Do I ever dream?" he exclaimed, at last. "Ah! I seem to do nothing but dream; and it is always of the towers! the towers! the towers! Why, I have dreamed this very night that I had built them as I told you I should, and that there was but one pillar wanting to complete them."

"Come, and see if thy dream be not reality," said the padre, gently; but Pablo sprang up furiously.

"Do you dare to mock me?" he cried. "Am I, indeed, so weak and fallen as that? And then, sinking down upon his bed like a weak child, he burst into a passion of sobs and tears.

The padre went away, deeply troubled. What was to be done? Nothing—nothing now, at least; and so he waited till night, and then watched through the night, and saw the great work completed.

Saw it completed; and then saw Pablo Gonzales descend into the great square and exultingly give thanks to God; and then, after appearing to dismiss a great number of work-people, he turned again with admiring, almost adoring eyes, to the towers he had created.

The sun was beginning to rise. It was, he said, getting very dark; yet still he lingered to look at and admire his work.

"It is finished!—finished!" he said, in ecstasy, again and again. "Oh, my God! Oh, blessed Virgin, and all the Saints, I praise thee! Now, now, indeed, I am content to die. Fame—fame is mine! And what more has the world to give?"

He turned his wide, wide-open eyes upon the rising sun. "What is this I feel?" he said, faintly. "What is this awful nightmare that comes so often over me? Is it death? Must I indeed die, with this cup of glory scarcely tasted?"

The priest and his servant had held the mother back. Other people had gathered round, and restrained her by their wondering looks; but, at these words, she burst from them and rushed to her son.

"No, no, thou shalt not die!" she cried. "Live!—live for glory, for fame, for wealth, and love. Oh, has thou dreamed these towers into existence? Wake, wake, and behold thy work!"

For a moment he stood rigid. Then he sprang from his bed in sudden fright. "Ah, mother! why hast thou awakened me?" he cried. "I was dreaming!—ah, such dreams!"

And then he sunk helplessly down upon the ground, as if it had been a bed. "Ah, to dream to dream once more of such glory! Oh, my God!"

And casting his eyes up to Heaven,

his glance rested upon the towers; and with a sudden energy he sprang to his feet. "Am I dreaming still?" he cried, in a voice terrible with concentrated energy and power. "Am I ever, ever to have this mocking, mocking dream before me? Waken me! waken me!—in pity, waken me!"

"You are awake, my son, my darling!" said his mother, sobbing, and clinging around his neck. "Look, Pablo! here are the neighbors and friends you used to know."

He looked around him; he felt of his own body; he touched his mother's face and hands. "Yes, yes," he sighed; "I am awake; this is no dream. But the towers, the towers!"

"Thou, in thy sleep, hast built them!" said the padre. "In thy sleep thou hast created this realization of thy dreams. In thy sleep thou hast made thyself Pablo the great, the wonderful!"

Pablo Gonzales looked around him at the wondering people, the towers, the fair sky, and the green earth.

"It is true! It is true!" he cried; "they are my work—my life. Pablo Gonzales has won everlasting fame. He is immortal!"

He sunk to the earth. His massive frame quivered for a moment, and was still. Pablo Gonzales was, indeed, immortal.

"Poor fellow!" sighed one of us; and we all looked back to the towers just fading from the sight. "How sad that he should have died just as a career of wealth and fame was opening before him!"

"But, of course, the Church richly endowed his mother and orphan," said another, more carefully minded.

"Well, indeed!" said Don Luis, with a merry twinkle in his eye. "History seems to think that the family were sufficiently rewarded by the canonization of Pablo." "Indeed," he said, "some unbelievers deny the story altogether, and say that, although the towers were built at night, it was not done by a single consummate, but by a corps of men, under the joint direction of the padre and Pablo Gonzales—and done for the purpose of attaching some mystic attraction to the singularly beautiful towers. Many also affirm that the favorable influences attached to them are mere delusions, and that it was for his impiety that Pablo died; and they say that, even now, misery or death falls upon those who hasten to worship at his shrine."

"Oh! I don't believe a word of that!" said several of us at once; and all looked toward the spot where the towers had been last seen. But the diligence had outrun our thoughts, and we were far out of sight of the high table-lands of Mexico.—*Oberland Monthly.*

AFFECTION.

Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted; If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning Back to their spring, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment; That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain. Patience, accomplish thy labor, accomplish thy work of affection! Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike. Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike; Purified, strengthened, perfected, and made more worthy of Heaven! —*Longfellow.*

Poisoned by Hair Dye.

Shortly after the death of Dr. J. M. Witherax, which occurred on the 15th of last June, the Scott County Medical Society appointed a committee, consisting of Drs. J. W. H. Baker, Hazen, Farquarson, Cantwell, and French, to investigate the causes which led to his death, it having been the opinion of several medical gentlemen that he died from the effects of lead poison.

The Committee, through Dr. Baker, have prepared the report, in which they unanimously concur in the opinion that the cause of Dr. Witherax's death was rightly surmised, and that the poison was introduced into the system through the use of hair dressing or dye. For four years previous to his demise, Dr. Witherax had used the dressing almost daily on his hair and whiskers, and frequently during the whole period suffered from pains which were similar to those produced by lead colic.

Drs. Hazen and Cantwell each made four separate analyses of the liver of Dr. Witherax and one of the kidneys, and found lead in the tissues of those organs each time. Their report accompanies that of the Committee.

In the report Dr. Baker as chairman cites many instances given in prominent medical works and journals, in which individuals have died from diseases produced by the use of hair dyes, in which symptoms very similar to those manifested in the case of Dr. Witherax were betrayed. Furthermore, it is established that congestion of the brain is not unfrequently produced by these dyes.

It is stated that all the numerous hair dyes in use, except one class, contain lead. The one exception contains nitrate of silver instead of lead, and that, while it does not poison the system, crimps and dries the hair—to its injury, of course.

The lead used on the hair is absorbed by the skin and thence conveyed to the different organs in the body, and effects its work of destruction by poison. The magic comb which are warranted to turn gray hair black, are made of lead, and Dr. Baker cites an instance of the death from lead poison of an individual who used them.

And so the Committee clearly demonstrates the fact that the use of most hair dyes is dangerous to life, producing painful diseases, which sooner or later result in death. Gray hairs are honorable, it is said—and healthy might be added.—*Davenport (Iowa) Gazette.*

New postage stamps are to be issued by the Postoffice Department. The old size will be restored and the designs will be as follows:—One cent, Franklin; two cents, Jackson; three cents, Washington; six cents, Lincoln; ten cents, Jefferson; twelve cents, Clay; fifteen cents, Webster; twenty-four cents, Scott; thirty cents, Hamilton; forty cents, O. H. Perry. Another job for somebody, we suppose.

A farmer in Concord, who is now ninety-two years old, says that the present is the only time in his remembrance when a good load of wood would pay for a good barrel of flour.

Kitty's Rebellion.

BY JENNY GREENWOOD.

On a sultry summer afternoon, some seven or eight years ago, little Kitty ran in from her play for a drink of lemonade which stood on the table.

"Please, mamma," said her mother, as she turned the glass.

"Kitty can't say please," replied the little maid.

Now Kitty had said "please" a hundred times, and usually delighted in saying everything she was told. She quite excelled in conversational powers for a year-and-a-half old. For the first time in her short life, she had taken a notion that she would not do as she was bid. So her mother set the glass down again unaltered, and the child ran back to her door-step as before. But it was very warm, and presently the little feet came patter-patter back, and the thirsty red lips were up again for a drink.

"Kitty, say please," said the mother.

"Tan't say please." So the baby went away thrashing again.

This experiment was repeated perhaps half a dozen times in the course of the afternoon, at first playfully as it seemed, but as the wee rebel began actually to suffer from heat and thirst, rather than say "please" it became a serious question how long she would hold out.

Supper time came, and Pet ran to her high chair.

"Mamma, lift Kitty up!"

"Please, mamma, lift Kitty," said her mother, gently.

Instantly the eager little face fell. Baby shook her head—muttered "tan't say please," and turned away. Her father and mother and the rest of the children sat down to the table, but who could eat supper while that poor little outlaw stood back by the wall moaning with hunger and thirst! The mother yearned to take her in her arms and give her food and drink; but how could she? The little one knew that one dutiful word would bring her all she wanted, yet she refused to speak it. The question was fairly at issue—should the child obey the parents, or the parents submit to the child? It is an old and common dilemma, and in thousands of households the child carries the day; but Mrs. Hart did not believe God meant that to be the order of the world.

So she took her baby to her own room, and set before her very tenderly, and seriously her naughty behavior. She knelt down and prayed the Saviour to make her good and obedient; but after all Kitty could not say "please" any better than before. At length, distressed and tired, and fairly alarmed about the little creature, who had not tasted drink since noon, she carried her to her father and begged him to take the case in hand. Mr. Hart began to talk with the young culprit playfully, nothing doubting he should soon bring her round. He gave her a great many words to speak, which she did all very readily till the troublesome word "please" came along; that she could not do. Year-and-a-half understood that to say that was to submit. So he grew serious, and told her he should have to whip her if she did not mind. Now Kitty and whipping were two things never before thought of in the same breath. She had always been an uncommonly sweet and gentle child, and nobody had ever guessed how much grit was latent in that little bosom. Nothing else would avail, however, and the whipping had to come. Still the baby remained obstinate and far from righteous.

Feverish and exhausted, with parched lips crying for drink, yet inflexibly refusing to speak the little word which would bring it, she was put to bed in her crib. All the warm night she tossed and moaned in her unquiet sleep, or woke crying from thirst; but even then, sleepy and miserable as she was, she would only say, "Tan't say please," when the water came near. For the father and mother that was a night of sleepless wretchedness, relieved only by prayer. They really began to fear that the child would sooner die than to submit to authority.

"Oh, pshaw, never mind the please; give her drink," many a father would have said. "Poor little thing! I must let the minding go till another time," most mothers would have thought; but Mr. and Mrs. Hart did not see it so. If it was like death for a will to yield after eighteen months' growth, what would it be after months and years of indulgence? God had committed to them this soul of his creating, to be trained for Himself; if she could not be made to obey her father whom she had seen, how should she become obedient to her Father in Heaven, whom she had not seen? The very fact that her will was so strong, made it the more imperative to their minds that it should be brought under the control of her conscience; they saw what a cruel tyrant it would prove if left to hold sway. The longer the struggle was protracted, the more likely it seemed that the result would be a final one, and the more important that the result should be right. Then the other children, who had been watching this new phase of family history with a kind of solemn dread—should they learn that the authority they had been taught to revere, could after all be broken under the feet of the baby? It would not do. It had been early explained to the little one that it was her Heavenly Father's command that she should obey her parents, and that she was residing in his will; that father and mother felt that they had no right to annul his law. So the night wore away, and the morning broke, but brought no peace to the household, weighed down by the perverseness of its young rebel. She awoke worn and almost sick, but stubborn as ever.

Free will, indeed! What a grand, awful mystery it is! How, shrined in a dainty, delicate morsel of flesh, it can look out and defy the world! Terrible agent of evil—glorious worker of good! Kingliest of creation—a sovereign human will! What wonder heaven and hell contended for little Kitty's will. So they do for every one. Happy the child whose parents steadfastly keep the right side in the conflict!

Kitty found an ally in the morning. A woman who occupied an adjoining tenement, having learned the state of things from the children, came in to plead for her. She assured Mrs. Hart that she was killing the child; that it was downright cruelty to treat her so; that if she had a little girl, she would never see her suffer when she could help it. All this fell on her sore and aching heart. The mother had already been tormented with fears that the heat and thirst and excitement would really be the death of her poor, naughty little darling. She tried to think of some compromise by which Kitty would be relieved without a sacrifice of parental government. At last she placed a mug of milk in a low chair,

and left the little girl alone in the room, while her father and mother watched her unseen.

They saw her come up to the mug and press her hot little hands against it sides and begin to raise it to her thirsty lips, then suddenly to set it down with a piteous look, and went away moaning. It was a cruel battle between Desire and Honor for such a little heart. Again the little creature would come up and look wistfully into the mug full of milk—shake her head mournfully, and turn away. Kitty would not sink out of the difficulty, though her parents would let her; she or they must openly surrender. This little display of character made them clearer than ever that they should do the child a cruel wrong in helping her to break down the demands of her own conscience.

In the course of the morning, Mrs. Hart was relieved to see the family physician drive up to the door. She hastened to tell him the whole story, and ask whether she was risking too much. He advised her to "put it through; the little thing couldn't stand out much longer." Moreover, the good doctor straightway conceived a little stratagem for bringing her to terms. It was a great treat for any of the children to ride with him, and one to which Kitty had never yet arrived; so that when he proposed to take her this morning, she flushed up with delight, and began to caper about the room in high glee.

"Run and ask your mother to please put on your hat, then," said the doctor.

Instantly the bright little face faded; she lost all desire to go, if there was a "please" to it.

So the expedient failed.

It was getting towards noon—nearly twenty-four hours, during which Kitty had tasted neither food or drink. Persuasion and authority had been exhausted upon her, and still she wandered about the house, a wan, discontented little object, often crying, but as obstinate as ever.

Almost heart-broken to see her so, the mother took her to her arms once more and carried her to her chamber. Once again she showed the little girl how wretched her willfulness was making herself and all the rest, and how it was grieving the dear Saviour. Then she knelt, and with tears implored that blessed Spirit who can melt every heart, to subdue the stubborn will. Suddenly the baby threw her arms around her neck and burst out, "please, please, please, please, please, please."

The grateful mother covered her with tears and kisses, and carried her down to the sitting-room, where she sprang into her father's arms, crying, "Please, please, please!" as if she would never be done. Now she was all radiant with love and peace. The other children came running in to hear how Kitty could say please. She was ready to hug and kiss everybody. The whole family stood a round laughing and crying to see her drink her cup of milk, and hardly able to let her alone long enough to drink it.

The house was full of joy. The battle was ended. Right had triumphed. It had been a terrible struggle, but it was once for all; from that day to this Kitty Hart has shown no disposition to resist rightful authority. Her will was not "broken"—that is an ugly phrase—it is a good, strong will yet; but it was brought under her conscience. It was rescued from being mere willfulness.

These parents had tried all along to make their child understand that to resist them was to disobey her Father in heaven, and that this was the head and front of her offending.

As time went on, they found, to their surprise, reason to believe that she had understood it so well that in yielding to them at last, she had also submitted herself to Him. Mature years and new experience deepened and developed her Christian life, but it never seemed necessary for Kitty to be converted after she was a year old. It appeared that the Redeemer had crowned their prayers and fidelity, and ended that long contest by changing the heart of stone to a heart of flesh, and sending His Spirit into it crying, Abba, Father.

Ah, these cries in child hearts mean more than we think! Eternal issues are pending when we little dream of it.—*Congregationalist.*

"Oride" Watches.

For a considerable time past "oride" watches have been widely advertised, and a too glib public has doubtless made the trade in these inferior and often worthless time-keepers a profitable one. The following sketch shows the manner in which they are manufactured:—

"In Switzerland the several pieces that go to make the complete watch are made at separate factories remote from each other, and the watch-maker is the party who puts the different pieces together. The watch-maker purchases his stock by the thousand or ten thousand pieces from the different factories. As a consequence of such a want of system in making the different pieces, there are always large quantities improperly finished and imperfect. These imperfect pieces are again slightly altered and put together, and constitute the movement for the 'oride watch.' These movements are placed in brass cases manufactured for this very purpose, costing about seventy-five cents each, and exported to England and America, where it has been definitely settled the greatest number of fools exist. The French Government will not admit them unless they are truly and correctly described, and the English Government places them under the ban in so far as to prohibit the use of genuine names or trade marks; but, like our own Government, it reaps a profit from their importation and sale. These are the famous 'oride' watches. They are worth, according to some of our largest genuine practical dealers and watch-makers in this city (New York,) from \$1.80 to \$4 each. The very best quality cost but \$5.50 a dozen. They sell in the bogus stores from \$7 to \$25 each—and often for double and treble those sums.—*American Artisan.*

BLEEDING FROM THE NOSE.—Put a piece of paper in your mouth, chew it rapidly, and it will stop your nose from bleeding. This remedy has been tried frequently, it is stated, and always with success. Physicians say that placing a small roll of paper or muslin above the front teeth, under the upper lip, and pressing hard on the same, will arrest bleeding from the nose, checking the passage of blood through the arteries leading to the nose.

Lines were drawn very plainly sometimes in the former days. Said a friend to a minister in Connecticut, "So you are to be settled over the people at Southington, I hear." "Yes," he replied, "if I am to be settled at Southington, it will be over the people there, and not under them."

Cure for Cancer.

Dr. Samuel Baker, of this city, reports to us a remarkable case of cancer and a cure for the same. His statement is made from information derived from the afflicted person and her husband. While lecturing at Deerfield upon his favorite subject, the teeth, his attention was called to this case, and he made a personal call upon Capt. J. W. James, of Deerfield Centre, the husband of the suffering lady, and learned that Mrs. James had for a long time been afflicted with what were called "Rose cancers." By the use of the remedy which she had discovered on close observation of an old lady who had a reputation for curing cancers, she had removed as many as thirty from her own body. The remedy used was a salve made from the juice of the "wood sorrel," which was gathered in a green state, the juice expressed and evaporated to the consistency of a paste, in the sun, and applied to the cancerous part. In a few days the diseased portion could be removed, attended with some pain. This remedy had been used by other persons with like success, and the attention of those afflicted was especially called to it by the editor of the *Lancet*, a Democratic, whose wife had used it successfully.

Wood sorrel is generally to be found in woods or shady places, growing in clusters or bunches, about six inches high, of a pale green color, with a leaf about the size of the ear of a mouse, but in shape of clover, is of an agreeable acid flavor, and is generally well known by children.—*Portsmouth (N. H.) Journal.*

FORTY YEARS.—Forty years once seemed a long and weary pilgrimage to tread. It now seems but a step. And yet along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes have wasted into ashes; footprints sacred under the drifting dust; green mounds, the grass of which is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows, even, which we would not forget.

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WIT AND HUMOR.

A Rheumatic Patient.

The following amusing sketch is taken from an old Boston paper:—
Well, this, I took a very bad cold as long ago as St. Patrick's day, and faith now and wasn't it a hard one? But I'm not to it—It gave me such a rheumatism in the leg that I couldn't stand up without falling down—and whenever I walked, faith and 'noss, I just stood still, and when I went to bed I sat up all night. Well, me old woman doctored me, as she used to do in my own country, but a devil a bit the good did it do.

If I was in a free country I could not get freed from the rheumatism; so I sent for the doctor. And when he did come, and sure thinks I, now I'll be for getting well in less than no time. So he walks up to me, and says he,

"Let's see your tongue."

"Me tongue is it y'd be afther seeing? Don't you mane the leg, says I, for faith that's what pains me?"

"No; I mane your tongue," says he;

"that will indicate the state of your legs." "The devil it will; what a strange country this free country is." So I put out me tongue, and the doctor said it was a very bad one, entirely.

"And now," says he, "let me have your wrist."

"Me wrist," says I; "don't you mane me knee? for sure nothing is the matter of me wrist."

"No, it's your wrist I want," says he, "to be afther feeling your pulse."

"After feeling for me pulse. Ah, ye devil, ye that is your game," says I.

"Your pulse, not your pulse," says he.

So after feeling me pulse, as he called it, he said I had the inflammatory rheumatism, and that I must be bled. Well, Mither Editor, he bled me and then gave me some white powders to take, and I got worse every day of me life. Faith now, I couldn't straiten me leg at all, and me misthery was complete it was. Well, this doctor attended me six months—and I ground worse all the time. So I told him not to come any more, for he did me no good. And sure, in less than an hour he sent in his bill, and oh, murdher! he had charged me one hundred dollars, and all for making me worse. The devil take 'm, says I. It was my pulse, after all, that he wanted. This country is most too free for me, faith it is. Well, the black-guard that brought the bill, said that it must be paid then, or the doctor would be afther getting an execution on everything he had.

"Oh, murdheration!" said me old woman, "is that monsther of a doctor going to execute my dear man?" So she ran to the Savings Bank, and was back before she started with the money, and gave it to the black-guard, who made thracks with it. What a devil of a free country it is, thought I—and what free doctors!

Well, Mither Editor, just at this moment John Carney came in, and told me there was a place in Salem Strate, where they could cure the rheumatism before a man had it.

"Faith, now, and how are they doing it?" says I.

"They stame it out of 'em," says he.

"I'll be afther trying it," says I. So John got a coach and took me right down there. Well, the Thompsonian doctor told me I could walk before night. Devil a bit says I, for I can't stand on me throtters. We shall see, says he. So he gave me a cupful of stuff to drink; and, oh! St. Patrick, wasn't it hot? But this wasn't after being a beginning. He then gave me some medicine; and after that he put me in a stame-box and sweat me. Blood and 'noss, what a staming I got. But I felt all the better for it. He then put me in bed, and put a young steam-box to me throtters. Then he brought me a cupful of stuff he called coffee, and said Lobelia was in it.

"What will it be afther doing to me?" says I.

"It will make you vomit," says he.

"What?" says I, "you don't mane to say I shall vomit up the rheumatism?"

"I shouldn't wonder," says he. So I down with it.

"Oh, murdher, what a dose!" says I.

"Instead of Lobelia, I think it's high-Johnny, for sure it's high stuff!"

Well, in less than no time I felt very bad, entirely—just as if I had two Kilkenny cats in me. But after I vomited freely, I felt like another man. He then put me in the stame-box again, and stamed me a few minutes. I then dressed myself, and as thrus as I'm an Irishman, I could walk quite aisy—and in a few days I was well entirely. I only had to pay three dollars for being cured. It is a pretty free country after all, thinks I. Well, when I went home that night me old woman didn't know me—and faith, I hardly knew myself! I was not the same man at all that I was in the morning—and Bridget could not believe her own eyes. She said she had been afther hearing much about stame, but she did not believe before they could stame a man well in less than no time.

Explicit.

A Yankee riding up to a Dutchman exclaimed:—

"Well, stranger, for acquaintance sake, what might be your name?"

"V'y, my name is Haunce Hollenboffen-heffenheffenstemburg."

"By Cape Cod! if that ain't as long as a pumpkin vine! Well, I hain't no time to lose, I'm on a speculatin'! Tell me the way to Tamagaua."

"To Tamagaua! Vell, you see dat roat pon de hill?"—pointing in the direction.

"Oh yes, I see it."

"Vell, den, you must not take that roat. Yee see dish roat by the coal bank?"

"Yes."

"Vell, dat is not tee roat too; but you must go right by the barn door, and ven you see von roat crooks just so, (bending his elbow, and describing at the same time,) and ven you get dare keep right along till you gits funder. Vell, den you will turn tee potato patch round tee hedge over tee river up stream, an te hill up, and tirely you see mine prudder Frits' parrn, shinkled mit straw, dat's de house vere mine prudder live. He'll dell you so better as I can. And you go attille funder two roats—you must not take both of 'em."

The Yankee rode off at the top of his speed.

Josh Billings says "there is no more real satisfaction in laying up in your business an injury, than there is in stuffing a dad hornet who has stung you, and keeping him to look at."



THE LONG-DESIRED DESIRE OF A LIFE-TIME.

YOUNG ENTHUSIAST.—"What! Cook going to leave! Oh, mamma, mamma! Then, at last, perhaps, I shall be allowed to clean the front-door steps!"

An Inquisitive Traveller.

A correspondent relates the following as his own personal experience:—

I left New York for Albany in no very pleasant mood. Getting up for an early train is neither customary nor agreeable with me; the coffee was muddy, and the toast was abominable. I got into a muss with a hackman about my fare to the depot, my finger was jammed in the car door, and a fat man stepped on my toe as I moved to my seat. My face, I know, looked forbidding, and though the car was full the seat beside me was not taken. We had gone past one or two stations, when a tall, broad-shouldered, farmer-looking fellow got into the car, and without a "By your leave," or "Is this seat engaged?" down he sat by me. I gave him a severe look that ought to have annihilated him, and the car moved on. By-and-by my attention was attracted by a gentle touch.

"Pleasant day,"

I gave him to understand, in a curt way, that I didn't care if it was. After a while he reached his long neck out by me and said, yawningly—

"Looks as if we should hev some rain, soon."

I let the remark pass without reply, determined he should not draw me out. After some miles, he again spoke—

"Killed a hog last night."

"Well, what's that to me?" I said, sharply.

"Guess how much it weighed."

"O, don't bother me—six hundred pounds."

"Guess ag'n," after a pause.

"Well, say a hundred pounds."

The challenge to guess had a trifle of interest in it, but in a moment, ashamed of having shown any at all, I thrust my head out of the window, awaiting my sturdy associate's further advances. He made none, and after riding a me ten or fifteen minutes, I looked around. He was staring out of the window, apparently lost in reflection.

"How much did your cussed hog weigh, anyhow?" I asked, as surly as I could.

His face didn't change a muscle, though I thought his eye looked a trifle mischievous, as he replied—

"Don't know, we didn't weigh him."

Fortunately for my peace of mind he got out at the next station.

Only a Revolver.

The following incident is said to have occurred in a Ufica restaurant: A man recently entered the place and ordered a very elaborate dinner. He lingered long at the table, and finally wound up with a bottle of wine. Then, lighting cigar he had ordered, leisurely sauntered up to the counter, and said to the proprietor:

"Very fine dinner, landlord; just charge it to me; I haven't got a cent."

"But I don't know you," said the proprietor, indignantly.

"Of course you don't. If you had you wouldn't let me had the dinner."

"Pay me for the dinner, I say!"

"And I say I can't."

"I'll see about that," said the proprietor, who snatched a revolver out of a drawer, leaped over the counter and collared the man, exclaiming, as he pointed it at his head, "Now see if you'll get away with that dinner without paying for it, you scoundrel!"

"What is that you hold in your hand?" said the impecunious customer, drawing back.

"That, sir, is a revolver, sir."

"Oh, that's a revolver, is it? I don't care a fig for a revolver; I thought it was a stomach-pump!"

A Changeable Climate.

The preposterous ideas of some Englishmen in regard to this country are often a source of great amusement to Americans abroad. A Bostonian having been somewhat annoyed at the questions and invidious comparisons made by a party of Britons, at an English hotel, finally loaded them as follows:

"Have I you 'ave an 'orrid changeable climate in America, 'ave'n't you?" said one beef-eater.

"Yes," said the American, "in some places. I remember in South Carolina one morning when I got up the thermometer was at 135 in the shade; at ten A. M. the wind changed, the thermometer fell to 20, it commenced snowing, and at one o'clock there was two feet of snow on the ground, when suddenly the wind changed, the thermometer rose to 130 in the shade, and I saw the remarkable sight of people out sleigh-riding in their shirt-sleeves."

This statement the matter-of-fact Englishman received in open-mouthed silence, until finally, one of them, after several minutes' heavy thinking, said—

"How I yase, but how could people go sleigh-riding with the thermometer at 130? ye know snow would 'ave melted, by Jove!"

"Oh, yes," said the American, with an unmoved countenance, "I forgot to say that the heat came on so suddenly that instead of melting the snow it baked a thick brown crust over it," and the Yankee walked away

leaving his British cousins in a "brown" study over the wonders of the New World.—*Conn. Bulletin.*

THE COMING WOMAN.

BY C. H. ST. JOHN.

Ah, who does not see that the age is at hand,

When man shall no longer be lord in the land!

When the women shall lay by the needle,

And take the sceptre and sword, the plough and the rake!

But oh, what a day of deliverance, when

The editor lays down his wearisome pen,

The mason his trowel, the joiner his square,

And the hodman no longer his burden shall bear;

When the soldier shall shoulder his musket no more,

The sailor repose, and the constable snore;

When the shipwright shall throw down his ponderous maul,

And the poor, grimy shoemaker give up his awl!

When man who has struggled for six thousand years

In the sweat of his forehead, in sorrow and tears,

Shall rest from his labor, his worry and strife,

And resign all his cares to his strong-minded wife!

Oh, brothers! how sweet, how delicious 'twill be

To sit all the morning sipping your tea!

With nothing to do from dawning to night—

No speeches to spout, and no sermons to write;

No bargains to make, and no battles to fight,

No kindlings to split, and no fires to light,

No kin to handle a fork or a ladle;

Or perhaps—very rarely—to juggle the oracle;

Very rarely, I say, for long before then,

The boys and the girls will be women and men,

And some feminine Barnum will show with her lumber,

The cradle in which the LAST BABY did slumber!

Four indiscreet Iowa children—two boys and two girls—14 years of age, having become enraptured with the life of a hermit and the romances of a forest life, took to the woods for the purpose of digging a cave in the depths of the woodland, away from the cares and sorrows of civilization, to enjoy the freedom of the Gipsy or the Indian. The cruel parents, however, got wind of the affair before the wanderers had reached a secluded spot, and brought them home.

Sickness is often the want of will, or rather the result of that want. Men and women in whom the will-power is strong resist disease, and fight against it when attacked. Courage and a determined purpose will oftentimes prevent the approach of illness. The mind, the imagination, is wonderfully powerful to affect the body. In times of prevailing sickness it is well to bear these truths in mind.

"So you are going to keep a school?" said a young lady to her suitor. "Well, for my part, sooner than do that, I would marry a widower with nine children." "I should prefer that myself," was the quiet reply, "but where is the widower?"

A mind which is isn't worth while to have—one that looks after other people's business.

AGRICULTURAL.

Special Crops.

If it were safe for farmers to place their chief reliance on any one crop under any circumstances, cotton at the South would seem to be that crop. But with all the facts and circumstances which have been urged in favor of cotton as a specialty, the experiment is generally admitted to have been disastrous to planters.

On this point we find a statement by a correspondent of the Southern Cultivator that we think worth the attention of those who advise northern farmers to devote their attention to some one crop and of those who propose to follow such advice. The name of this correspondent is G. W. Stokes, of Wooten, Lee Co., Geo. Southern agricultural writers generally back their statements with their own sign-manual. We admire this fashion. There is a frankness, manliness, honesty of purpose apparent in this style, which is lacking when one adopts any sort of fiction for a signature.

Mr. Stokes is a planter, employing about sixty hands on his own land, and is also a merchant and furnishes supplies to from forty to sixty of his neighboring planters,

taking the produce of their plantations or farms in payment in the fall. He says:—

I find that those who buy both corn and meat (all they use) never have any surplus money left; that those who buy all their meat, and only a portion of their corn, have money over, in proportion to quantity of corn purchased; and that those who raise all their corn, even when they buy all their meat, are doing very well. The few who raise both corn and meat, make money very fast. These I know to be facts, in the face of the argument, that the same acre that yields 15 to 20 bushels of corn, worth \$30 to \$35, will yield 700 pounds to 1,000 pounds of seed cotton, worth from \$35 to \$75. It is difficult to explain why corn purchased costs so much, and that raised on the farm is so cheap; yet I know, and no doubt thousands of observant planters know, that he who buys all his provisions, never has any surplus cotton money.

I am inclined to think that the bought corn does not really cost so much, but that the principal explanation of these facts, is that a good planter can raise nearly a full crop of cotton, and at the same time raise an ample supply of corn, because with good management the heaviest of the work in the cotton crop is past, before the heaviest of the cotton crop begins, so that he who plants cotton alone, loses enough time to raise his corn, for the simple reason that without any corn crop at all, he can raise very little more cotton than he could had he a sufficient corn crop planted.

Now if it is a fact, that a planter who raises no corn or meat, has never had any surplus money since the close of the war, with cotton ranging high all the time, except 1867, how can we expect anything but ruin, the very first year our cotton crop is cut off, or the price is low? If our people had raised their corn and meat in 1865, '67, they would not have cared a straw for the low prices of cotton in the latter year named, even if the speculators could have controlled the price, and kept it down. I live in as good a cotton and corn region as I have seen anywhere, and we are highly favored this year, although our crops are not full, yet they are so much better than they are in most sections, that we certainly ought to feel thankful. I travelled over most of the West and North the past summer, and having seen the effects of the drought upon the corn crop, and I pity the cotton maker, who has not raised (at least) his corn this year.

How to Kill Lice on Cattle.

A correspondent, "R. N." of the Country Gentleman, "dissolved about a pint of strong soft soap in a pail of warm, soft water, and saturated the whole surface of a lousy cow's body with it; after about thirty minutes, repeated the operation, and in thirty minutes longer took a pail of clean warm water and quickly and thoroughly washed out all the soap water and dead lice in large quantities, put her in a warm stable and covered her with a dry blanket. The next day, after being thoroughly dried, she looked, and seemed to feel, like a new animal; more than doubled her quantity of milk within twenty-four hours, and immediately commenced gaining flesh and general thriftiness."

Heaves in Horses.

Heaving spasm and other articles recommended for horses prompts me to mention my experience with another valuable herb in the cure of this distressing and troublesome complaint. Feed no hay to the horse for 36 or 48 hours, and give only a pailful of water at a time. Then throw an armful of well cured smartweed before him, and let him eat all he will. In all cases where the cells of the lungs are not broken down, great relief if not a perfect cure will follow. I have seen a horse, with the heaves as bad as I ever saw, cured by one dose. Smartweed is valuable for many purposes, and should be laid away for use when needed.—*Dr. Rincon.*

OVER-BEARING FRUIT TREES.—A British pomologist (Dr. Lindley) writes thus:—"The bending of branches of trees by an over crop of fruit is most injurious; for the pores of the woody stalk are strained on one side of the bend and compressed on the other; hence, the vessels through which the requisite nourishment flows being partially closed, the growth of the fruit is retarded in proportion to the straining and compression of the stalk."

RECEIPTS.

BOILED TURKEY.—Fill the body with oysters, and let it boil by steam, without any water. When sufficiently done, take it up; strain the gravy that will be found in the pan; thicken it with a little flour and butter, add the liquor of the oysters intended for sauce, also stewed, and warm the oysters up in it; whiten it with a little boiled cream, and pour it over the turkey.

VENISON STEAKS.—Cut them from the neck; season them with pepper and salt. When the gridiron has been well-heated over a bed of bright coals, grease the bars and lay the steaks upon it. Broil them well, turning them once, and taking care to serve as much of the gravy as possible. Serve them up with some currant jelly laid on each steak.

SPAREHIRE.—Should be baked with a very little butter and a little flour, and then sprinkled with dried sage crumbled. Serve apple-sauce in a boat.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Toast several pieces of bread brown, and butter them on both sides; take a baking-dish, and put the toast round the sides, instead of a crust; pour your oysters into the dish, and season with salt, pepper, butter, and mace or cloves. Crumb bread on the top, and bake in a quick oven quarter of an hour.

ANOTHER WAY.—Grease well a baking-dish with butter, throw fine bread-crumbs about in it until they adhere on all sides; have a bowl of seasoned bread-crumbs ready, and lay oysters into the dish, so as to cover the bottom of it; then sprinkle crumbs over them and a small piece of butter; then another layer of oysters, covered in the same way with crumbs, until the dish is full; cover the last layer rather more thickly with crumbs, and lay several pieces of butter here and there over it; bake it until it is nicely brown—not too long, or the oysters will be hard.

SACK POSSET.—Four ounces of fine brown sugar, a pint of sweet wine or sack, and a nutmeg; let them simmer till the sugar is dissolved; beat ten eggs, and put them on the fire to warm with a quart of milk; stir them one way to prevent curdling; when cold, mix all together, and put it on the fire to warm, but not to boil. Serve quite hot.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 44 letters.

My 1, 5, 8, 23, is a wild animal.

My 2, 21, 14, 24, is a period of time.

My 4, 25, 27, 31, is given in lieu of plainly expressed words.

My 26, 4, 23, 30, 23, is the absence of all color.

My 9, 23, 40, 37, 41, 44, is a regular meal.

My 10, 13, 28, 34, 43, 44, is what some people are fond of.

My 14, 15, 20, is a girl's name.

My 16, 19, 20, 21, is a word that implies conclusion.

My 7, 9, 16, is singular.

My 17, 18, 23, 19, 40, is a poet.

My 11, 22, 26, 38, 44, is a resemblance.

My whole is a Spanish proverb.

AMANDA E. PITT.

Geographical Enigma.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 1, 7, 14, 6, 8, is a county in Indiana.

My 2, 9, 14, 8, is a county in Ohio.

My 5, 12, 4, 34, 27, is a county in Georgia.

My 7, 26, 20, 17, is a county in Kentucky.

My 9, 2, 10, 13, is a county in Tennessee.

My 11, 17, 19, 25, 26, 20, 17, is a county in Georgia.

My 13, 18, 14, 6, 15, 8, 32, is a county in Kentucky.

My 15, 21, 13, 14, 22, is a county in New York.

My 17, 27, 20, 30, 10, 16, is a county in North Carolina.

My 18, 24, 6, 14, 24, 24, is a county in Kentucky.

My 20, 23, 27, is a county in Missouri.

My 24, 21, 21, is a county in Illinois.

My 25, 14, 4, 6, is a county in Virginia.

My 28, 11, 7, 15, 5, 23, is a county in Arkansas.

My 30, 6, 20, 16, 29, is a county in Mississippi.

My 30, 26, 28, 18, 14, 6, 23, is a county in Arkansas.

My 32, 31, 17, 21, 26, is a county in New York.

My whole is an old saying.

Kirland, O. LILLY.

Probability Problem.

A triangle is formed by joining three points taken at random in the surface of a given circle. Required—the probability that the triangle is acute.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

Problem.

The square of the area of a plane equilateral triangle is 768 perches. Required—the area of the largest square inscribed within it.

O. R. SHELDON.

Shelton Hill, Randolph Co., Ill.</